"LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE GRANT MONUMENT." — "CAPITALS OF THE WORLD" (III.)—CONSTANTINOPLE, by Pierre Loti—Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

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PRESIDENT HARRISON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 439.]

Just Published.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Collected and Edited by GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford; Editor of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Two volumes. Vol. I., pp. lii, 423, October 30, 1771–December 21, 1776; Vol. II., pp. ii, 476, January 15, 1777–December 18, 1784. With a fac-simile letter. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

These letters show, as no other publication has done, how admirable Dr. Johnson was in his correspondence. In matter and manner they exhibit a delightful variety—those fine weighty passages so worthy of a philosopher, that strong common-sense so characteristic of the man, that vigorous English of which he was master, and in some instances a playfulness and lightness of touch which will surprise those who know him only by his formal writings.

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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

VI.—ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.

The sixth paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

IT is not the Democratic party only which enters upon the preliminary work of the Presidential election with divided preferences and counsels. The Republican nomination becomes every day more uncertain, although the President will probably secure it. When Mr. BLAINE, on the 6th of February, wrote to Mr. CLARKSON, chairman of the Republican National Committee, "My name will not go before the Republican National Convention for the nomination," the natural conclusion was that he meant what he said, and that the condition of his health compelled him to renounce the perils arising from the excitement of the candidacy. It was generally assumed that Mr. HARRISON would be nominated, not because of any enthusiasm of feeling for him, but because of the fact of his present incumbency, and the absence of any prominent or promising competitor. The candidacy of Messrs. ALGER, CULLOM, etc., could not be taken seriously, and seemed rather to indicate an extraordinary lack of really distinguished leaders. The lapse of time, however, has revealed a significant indifference to Mr. HARRISON, and a persistent desire for the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. Indeed, the only enthusiasm displayed in Republican conventions and among Republicans is for Mr. BLAINE, and it is evident that nothing could prevent his nomination but his persistent refusal.

It is perhaps surprising that this should be so strongly the dominant feeling among New York Republicans, but there is no doubt that it is so. Mr. PLATT is the reigning boss of the party in New York, and it was supposed that he had been the agent of the administration in the State, and would take care that New York should declare for the renomination of the President. But he has not been anxious or active for that result, and the reason suggested is, not that he has not been favored by the administration, but that he was not made Secretary of the Treasury. For what availeth the gift of the earth, if a man desireth the moon? The leader of the other Republican faction is Mr. WARNER MILLER, whom the newly elected President lamented as lying outside the breastworks, but whom he permitted to continue to lie there. Mr. MILLER last autumn took the stump for Mr. FASSETT, but Mr. MILLER's men are understood to have omitted to vote for Mr. FASSETT, because he was regarded by them as the HARRISON candidate. This was not the most auspicious situation for the President when the New York Convention assembled last week. There is no doubt that had Mr. BLAINE been a candidate, the Convention would have declared for him tumultuously, and the feeling would have promised a hurrah campaign in the State. Indeed, in the actual condition of the Democratic party, the Republicans, with Mr. BLAINE as the candidate, who has certainly not lost his hold upon his party since 1884, might have hoped not unreasonably to carry New York.

The Convention discharged its duty with propriety, but without fervor of feeling except for the name of BLAINE. It made a declaration of Republican sentiment upon protection, and commended the defeat of the silver bill, but without a statement of the party doctrine upon the question, and it denounced the Democratic treatment of colored voters in the Southern States. It elected Messrs. PLATT, MILLER, DEPEW, and HISCOCK as delegates at large, and ratified the district selections, and praised the HARRISON administration. The interest of the Convention centred upon the speeches of Mr. SUTHERLAND and Mr. REID, the temporary and permanent chairmen, and of Mr. DEPEW and Mr. FASSETT.

It is the misfortune of the Republican party that it cannot take greater advantage of the widespread disgust with the Democratic performances of the winter in New York and in Congress by going into the campaign with enthusiasm for its candidate. For LINCOLN and GRANT such feeling was possible, but not for Mr. HARRISON. His renomination would be respectable and perfunctory. Yet as the regulars step out on parade and mechanically obey the word of command, how many of them will say in their hearts, "Oh, for an hour of BLAINE!"

OSCAR C. McCULLOCH.

MR. McCULLOCH, who died last December at Indianapolis in his forty-eighth year, and whose portrait will be found on another page of this paper, was a Congregational clergyman whose name is not widely known beyond Indiana, except among those who are most familiar with the great modern work of organized charity. But his public service in this work was so signal that his name is entitled to permanent public honor. He was the son of a druggist in Chicago, and began active life as a travelling salesman for his father. But his natural tastes and powers carried him into the ministry, and after a pastorate of seven years in Wisconsin, he came to Indianapolis. Very soon after his arrival his professional visits among the poor disclosed to him what he had not suspected—the complete organization of pauperism. He discovered a family which belonged to a clan or tribe known as American gypsies, who were beggars, criminals, and vagrants, living in promiscuity and largely multiplying. It was a connection such as DUGDALE described in his Jukes family. This tribe, widely ramifying and breeding paupers and criminals, Mr. McCULLOCH carefully traced, and found it "undermining our society like devil-grass."

With prompt and clear comprehension of the situation, he saw that sentimental and merely emotional alms-giving was fostering this evil and becoming a curse to society, and he perceived the profound reason of the new system of relief introduced at Buffalo in 1878, which assumes that organized pauperism is an evil which is to be encountered successfully only by organized charity. At a meeting of the Indianapolis Benevolent Society, which proposed hopelessly to disband, Mr. McCULLOCH made so powerful, lucid, and eloquent an appeal for a continued organization to secure a wiser system of relief, already adopted in Buffalo, Philadelphia, and Boston, that the society made him its president, and he began the work. In a little more than a year Mr. McCULLOCH had persuaded his townsmen to co-operate, and the new system was instituted. It proposed properly to relieve deserving cases; to prevent indiscriminate and duplicate giving; to make employment the basis of relief; to expose impostors; and to reduce vagrancy and pauperism, and to ascertain their true causes. It invited all relief-giving societies, whether church societies or private or public associations, to co-operate with it, and undertook a thorough investigation of individual cases. It was not a relief agency, but a clearing-house of all such agencies, and of all private charity. Indianapolis gladly accepted the summons. Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Christian and agnostic, minister, priest, and rabbi—all united in the good work, and money was generously given. Mr. McCULLOCH insisted that street and door begging should cease. So-called charity—that is, ignorant giving to escape trouble or gratify an impulse—he denounced as a public wrong chiefly responsible for the larger part of the suffering, disease, hunger, misery, shame, crime, and poverty that disfigure our civilization.

Mr. McCULLOCH was equally opposed to public out-door relief, and his exhaustive study of the facts which justified his view was one of his invaluable services to civilization and humanity. His narrative of "the tribe of Ishmael," a clan of paupers, is familiar to students of the subject, and a very curious study of our civilization. He secured the establishment of yards for work; county workhouses for vagrants instead of jails; schools for nurses; free baths; dime-saving and loan associations; children's aid societies; the enactment of a law for boards of children's guardians to remove them from unfit parents, and to place them in proper homes; and summer homes for sick children. Indeed, the story of Mr. McCULLOCH's life is like the legend of a good saint. With all his enthusiasm and devoted energy, he was a man of great moral and mental self-possession, of sound judgment and administrative skill, of remarkable intelligence and undaunted courage, and his early death was a great public misfortune. His name may well be cherished, for there is no finer illustration of that ideal American citizenship which answers opposition and ridicule with the simple question, Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

THE election of General PORTER as president of the Grant Monument Association was most fortunate for the enterprise. He took hold at once with an energy and intelligence which have already produced the most admirable and promising results. He made a direct appeal to the pride and liberality and patriotism of New York, and even to its sense of duty, and shame at the long delay and neglect of the undertaking. His appeal was daily blazoned and echoed in the press so that it could not escape universal knowledge. He organized all the multiform interests of the city in committees and sub-committees, and left nothing undone which tact and skill could do to promote the great purpose. While the feeling was fresh and general, the President and members of the cabinet came from Washington to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument, and with simple and imposing ceremonies, with a speech from the President and an eloquent oration from Mr. DEPEW, the work was begun which we trust will not wait for its completion as the Bunker Hill Monument waited, and the Washington Monument in Washington.

We are naturally jealous in this country of the appropriation of public money for memorials even of great patriots, and the erection of public monuments by private subscription is difficult in every country. There is a general disposition to propose a statue for every distinguished man who dies, but happily it is not a disposition which stimulates large gifts. We say happily, because it is an honor which should not be emotionally awarded, and whose value and significance lie in its infrequency. But GRANT, like WASHINGTON and LINCOLN, is an exceptional figure in our history. In 1861 he and LINCOLN were virtually unknown; in 1865 they were the most conspicuous of Americans. GRANT said that he and LINCOLN were very different men. But in certain qualities of homely simplicity, tenacity, and unostentatious patriotism they were singularly alike. The remarkable fortune which gave us WASHINGTON to lead the military revolution and to organize the new government of the Constitution, in the next great and crucial struggle gave us LINCOLN as our statesman and GRANT as our soldier.

The real national feeling of profound gratitude to General GRANT was somewhat obscured by his Presidency as the head of a party, and by subsequent business connections. But the circumstances of his illness dispelled all this feeling, and left only the grateful recognition of his immense patriotic service, and the consciousness that he must be always counted among the great Americans of our first century. The opportunity of such service as he rendered is not likely to recur, and as time passes it will take from his image in the public mind all but the essential qualities that have endeared him to his countrymen. There can be no question that the spot designed for the monument is admirable. GRANT himself selected New York as his home, and a memorial on the heights above the Hudson will be seen constantly, and become a bourne of patriotic pilgrimage more frequented, probably, than it could have been elsewhere. The happy completion of the enterprise for the erection of the Washington Arch justifies the confidence that the completion of the GRANT memorial will not be long delayed.

THIS AND THAT.

ONE of the common arguments of intelligent Republicans for adhesion to the Republican party is the allegation that it is of a higher general character and tone than its opponents, that it is comparatively the party of intelligence and conscience, and that the public welfare is safer in the hands of such a party even without regard to its special policies or measures. There is no doubt that this conviction holds many Republicans to their party who by no means regard the McKINLEY bill as the height of economical wisdom, and who do not believe that a force bill would benefit the colored voters in the Southern States. This is probably the feeling which retains in the party the 167 members of the late Massachusetts Republican Convention who, in order to show their agreement with his freer views upon the tariff, voted for ex-Governor AMES as a delegate to Minneapolis. They were 167 out of 1129, but that is a very large proportion in an assembly of undoubted and

unquestionable party men, and they represent the Republicans who hold to the party by tradition, and by the feeling that we have mentioned of the superior intelligence and conscience of the party.

But if this be a sound view, and if the difference which the slavery question developed and fostered in the moral tone of the two parties still remains and justifies the preference on such grounds of the Republican party, what explanation has any honest Republican to offer of the unanimous declaration of the recent Republican Convention in Pennsylvania in honor of MATTHEW QUAY as a man whose party services the party gratefully acknowledges? Is the abuse of an official pecuniary trust charged constantly and in detail, and so universally believed that two years ago, rather than acknowledge his party leadership, a large body of Republicans voted for the Democratic candidate for the Governorship—is such alleged conduct, which Mr. QUAY has been challenged and defied to disprove in the courts, and which, we repeat, is so sustained as to be generally credited throughout the country, a service for which an honest party is grateful? And if in the great Republican State which casts for the party a majority of seventy thousand, the party convention unanimously declares its gratitude to such a man, can it be honestly said that the party as a party is morally superior to its opponent?

The power of Senator HILL over his party in New York is constantly cited as proof of the low moral character of that party. But Senator HILL has never been publicly charged and generally credited with misuse of public funds for his personal advantage, and if his party ascendency in New York proves the Democratic low moral quality, does the party ascendency of Senator QUAY in Pennsylvania prove the superior Republican moral quality? At the moment that the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was thus extolling Senator QUAY unanimously and with no Republican protest, New York Democrats were organizing an immense and imposing movement against Senator HILL as a fraudulent representative of his party. Do intelligent and honest Republicans assert the innocence of Senator QUAY? and if so, can they explain his refusal to disprove the charges? Or, themselves refusing to take notice of them as mugwump lies, do they deny that they are generally believed, and believed because, if untrue, the untruth could readily and immediately be proved? While the Republican Convention of the largest Republican State unanimously honors Senator QUAY, the Republican party cannot sneer at the Democratic party of New York for not peremptorily spewing out Senator HILL.

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP.

THE Massachusetts society for promoting good citizenship gives an annual course of free lectures in the Old South Meeting-house, one of the interesting historic buildings in Massachusetts, upon subjects pertaining to the general aim of the society. Of course there are no partisan politics in the addresses, and the speakers are of all political parties and religious faiths. If the discourses are all as good as the late thoughtful, sparkling, and eloquent lecture of the Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, upon Education and Citizenship, their publication in a volume would be a public benefit.

Mr. CHADWICK, after a brief and vivid glance at what may be called the origin of citizenship, which really begins with responsible interest in the government, finds in the fact of government by the people the necessity of education, because the necessary intelligence, which by common consent is indispensable to that government, is inseparable from education. He points out the truth, so often forgotten, that the appeal in our elections is really to the popular intelligence, which, because it is intelligence, is largely unaffected by party prejudice and passion.

He then enters upon the whole question of the public-school system, and with statistics, argument, humor, historical illustration, and common-sense he makes the most admirable plea for the system that we have seen, not evading any of the objections and difficulties, but stating the faults, and showing what the system logically implies in compulsory education laws and an educational qualification for the suffrage. It would be hard to find a more fitting or entertaining discourse for the educational meetings of the summer; and if all the "Old South lectures" are of the same quality, like good wine, "they leave nothing to be desired."

A MISAPPREHENSION.

THE New York *Age*, an organ of our colored fellow-citizens, misapprehends some recent remarks of the WEEKLY upon the late meeting in Cooper Institute to protest against wrongs inflicted upon colored citizens in the Southern States. The *Age* says: "We think that HARPER'S WEEKLY is wrong in stating that 'what is called the South cannot be held responsible for the crimes.' That is to say, a State is not responsible for the crimes committed within its jurisdiction."

On the contrary, that is precisely what HARPER'S WEEKLY did say. It said, "A strong and urgent local protest and the prompt application of the local law to criminals would soon restrain such outbreaks." In saying that "the South" could not be held responsible for the crimes committed against the colored people it meant, of course, the collective community called the South—just as it would say that "the North" could not be held responsible for the Molly Maguires for the acts of other criminals. The *Age* practically admits this in saying that "not one lynching has occurred in South Carolina or Texas since Governor TILLMAN and Governor HOGG declared that they would not tolerate any such lawlessness."

That is, in our judgment, the true remedy. South Carolina and Texas are constituent parts of "the South" as much as Mississippi and Louisiana, and in them crime is repressed because there has been a prompt application of local law or the wholesome consciousness that there would be. This is what the WEEKLY proposed. The assertion of the *Age* that Congress may constitutionally protect the life and property of the citizen in the State seems to us to be mistaken and at variance with the opinion of the Supreme Court. If, however, this be still an open question, the *Age* will, we trust, agree with us that the radical and conclusive remedy for infringement of personal rights is to be found in the local government enforcing the local sentiment.

LEAVE TO PRINT.

THE trick by which, under "leave to print," members of Congress cause the books of other persons to be printed as their own speeches undoubtedly furnishes better reading to the students of the *Record*, but it will end in great expense to the country. An honorable member may think that MILTON'S "Paradise Lost" happily illustrates his argument, or that BACON'S *Novum Organum* is very much to his purpose, and he may therefore introduce those classics to the attention of the reader. But it is a method which, as the Germans say, might easily draw itself out.

It is, however, susceptible of some beneficent applications. If Congress would agree that works which have become classic should be substituted for the actual speeches of the day, and instead of the barren talk which usually fills the *Record*, the subscriber to that periodical should receive a series of the old dramas and the Waverley Novels, Macaulay's History and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, the country would perhaps eagerly close with the proposal. If in place of those prodigious essays of ex-Senator BLAIR upon education, drawn from many reports and as voluminous as they, the *Record* would have printed *Pickwick* or the *Essays of Elia*, it might have become a popular paper.

Undoubtedly in preferring Mr. HENRY GEORGE'S excellent remarks upon free trade and protection to their own lucubrations, the gentlemen concerned by their self-denial did a service to the cause which otherwise would have remained undone. And why should not the scheme be enlarged? If even the President, in place of that annual message which drags its weary length through many arid columns, should enliven the opening of the session with a new story of HOWELLS'S or the latest sparkling screed of the Autocrat, might he not be sure of re-election by a grateful people?

ARBOR DAY.

MAY brings in one of the pleasantest and prettiest holidays in Arbor day. In New York especially the pupils of the public schools are greatly indebted to the late Superintendent of Public Instruction, Judge DRAPER, and to the Deputy Superintendent, Mr. SKINNER, for their interest in the day and in the promotion of its fitting observance. Judge DRAPER issued every year a special notice proposing a scheme of celebration, and Mr. SKINNER prepared an excellent collection of apposite literary selections for the exercises. The schools that should plant trees and name them for those gentlemen would express their gratitude gracefully.

The influence of the day in promoting interest in trees and flowers is a happy influence which will not be lost upon multitudes of pupils. Many of them hereafter will trace their pleasure in trees, and it is one of the purest of pleasures, to this early training of their taste and observation. The day affords the teacher a golden opportunity of pointing out the relation between the landscape and literature, and they may wisely discourse upon the reason that in the ancient and most objective literature there is the least allusion to what we call Nature.

Not the least valuable of the lessons of the day is the tenderness of feeling toward trees which it encourages. If the children of to-day could once more people the woods and hills with dryads and oreads, they would less ruthlessly mutilate the shrubs and saplings, and look upon a shaved hill-side as on a ravaged village. It is a beautiful holiday in the loveliest season, and we trust its observance will become more and more general.

PERSONAL.

CHARLES H. REED, who died in Baltimore recently, was known to every newspaper reader in the country a decade ago as the lawyer who defended the assassin GUITEAU. As a young man he gave promise of future distinction at the bar, and in Chicago during the early sixties he established a reputation as a successful criminal lawyer. But after his defence of GUITEAU he appeared to be on the down grade, and the last years of his life he passed in moodiness and in comparative solitude. He used frequently to be seen on the streets of Baltimore, accompanied always by a favorite collie dog, but he walked about with his eyes cast down, and resented any attempt to press acquaintance on him.

—The old British line-of-battle ship *Bellerophon*, historic as the vessel on board of which the Emperor NAPOLEON surrendered to Captain MAITLAND after the defeat at Waterloo, has been bought by a firm of ship-builders to be broken up for junk. Of late years the famous vessel, long since serviceable only as a hulk, has been moored in the harbor of Portsmouth, England. Her name does not appear on the British Naval List, the *Bellerophon* which has for some time been the flag-ship of the Queen's North American Squadron, and which was seen in Newport Harbor a few years ago, being a modern namesake of the battered craft.

—ZOLA is reported to be almost as great a lover of curios as is ALEXANDRE DUMAS, who once told an American correspondent that if he were not an author, he would be a dealer in bric-à-brac. The home in Paris and the country-seat at Medan of the author of *Nana* are filled with artistic treasures, and he spends much of his spare time in auction-rooms. The novelist's books in their completed form never satisfy him. "I execrate them after they are published," he said recently; "because I feel how much I have left unsaid, how far short I have fallen of my ideal." Similarly, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once said, when he had finished a particularly brilliant after-dinner speech, that he thought of his brightest anecdotes after he had left the table. ZOLA passes only three hours, and those in the morning, at his desk. The remainder of the day he spends out-of-doors or in other relaxation.

—Mr. MALCOLM W. FORD'S career as an amateur athlete has won him such renown that it is hardly too much to say that the entire country will hear with interest of his recent engagement of marriage with Miss JANE W. GRAVES. Mr. FORD is distinguished as the holder for several years of the All-Round Individual Athletic Championship of America, and his records are such as would entitle him to similar pre-eminence as an athlete in England. He is 30 years old, and a son of the late GORDON L. FORD, the lawyer, who left a fortune of $2,000,000. His fiancée is the daughter of the late ROBERT GRAVES, to whose estate of $1,500,000 she is one of several heirs. She was educated abroad, and is a highly cultivated and charming woman.

—In succeeding OCTAVE FEUILLET as a member of the French Academy, PIERRE LOTI replaces that novelist of fashionable French life in the affections of the fine ladies of Paris, with whom he is reputed to be remarkably popular. The sailor novelist is, however, a hero of disappointing physique. He is as small as was AARON BURR, that famous ladies' man. The skin of his face is dry, the features somewhat harsh, and the allegation is made that he rouges his cheek-bones. It is his eye that compensates for his general lack of facial attractiveness by its luminous clearness.

—The German Emperor is said to have posed before a camera one hundred and forty times since he ascended the throne, and hardly a week passes that does not bring a summons to the royal photographer to appear at the palace. Many of the negatives are destroyed, but the residue, after the weeding out, amounts so far, if the story from Berlin is true, to six dozen photographs of the Kaiser in different attitudes.

—Despite his many oddities of manner, the pianist PADEREWSKI impressed people who met him off the stage with his jolly good-fellowship. He talked well and had the faculty of putting strangers at ease, while he was always ready for a game of billiards, which he plays almost as well as the piano. Doubtless many of the eccentricities attributed to him are fabulous, but whether or not, as alleged, his diet was composed of tea, lemonade, eggs, and cigarettes, it is certain that he smoked cigarettes to excess, and seemed to derive inspiration from them. He never ate before a concert, and while resting in his dressing-room between the intervals of his appearance on the stage he smoked continually. One curious habit attributed to him was that of soaking his hands in hot water just before beginning a recital. He was possessed of a fiery temper, but usually seemed urbane and agreeable.

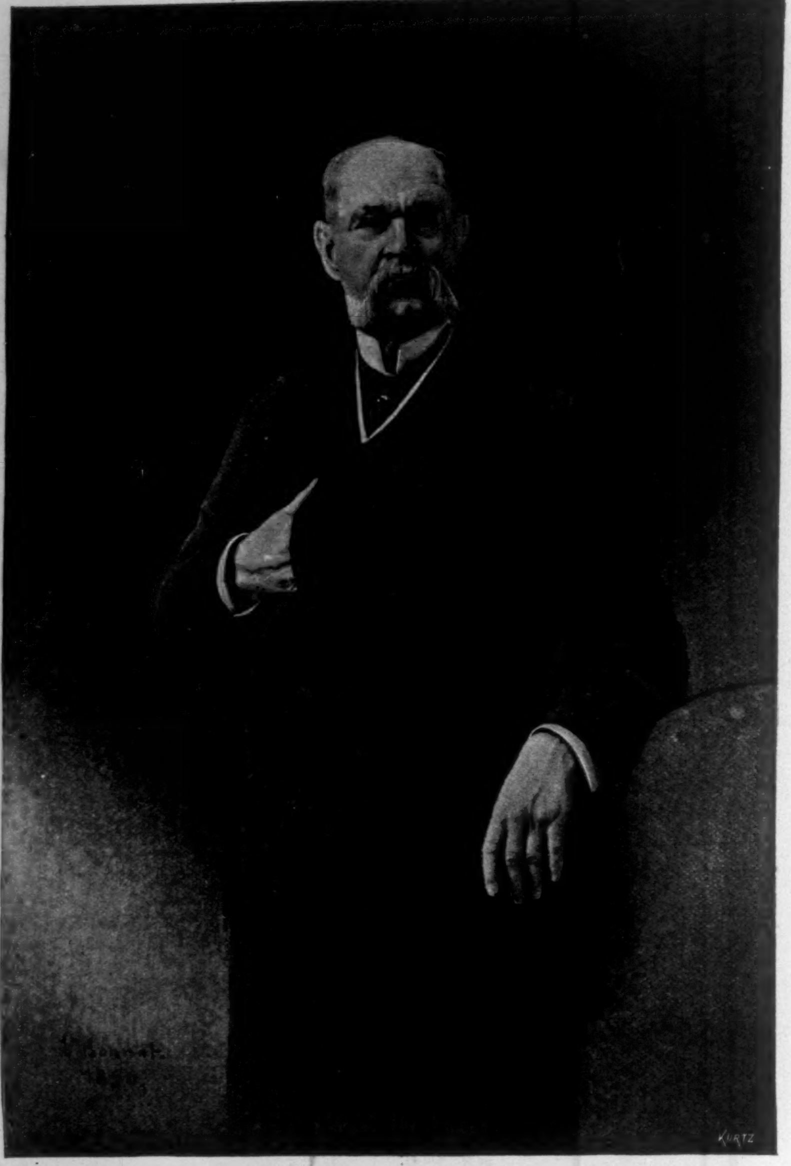
—Señor ROMERO, the Mexican Minister to the United States, has acquired the reputation of being the most astute of the diplomats at Washington. He is a dark-faced little man, of untiring energy, and the statement is made that he sometimes passes sixteen hours at his desk—an amount of work for a Minister that seems prodigious.

—It is forty years since LOUIS KOSSUTH, then a man of forty-six, visited America, and the news of the recent celebration of his birthday seems like an echo from another century. Long years of exile in Italy have not quenched the ardor of his patriotism, but at eighty-six he has necessarily grown physically and mentally feeble. For a long time he has occupied an ancient palace, the gloomy walls of which are more those of a hermitage than a home. Here his chief companions have been his memories and his books, for but few people have visited him, and he has manifested but little inclination to mingle with the world.

—One of the richest residents of Montevideo was a former Philadelphian, Mr. D. EVANS, who preserves with almost religious reverence a battered old boat, which was his sole possession in the days of his poverty. When Mr. EVANS sailed for Uruguay, nearly forty years ago, he was wrecked just off Montevideo, and barely escaped with his life. One of the ship's boats was cast up on the shore near him, and through lack of any other means of making a living, he began to use it in ferrying passengers and baggage across the harbor. This laid the foundation of his present great wealth, and as a reminder of his early struggles he keeps the boat afloat in an artificial lake in his private park, said to be the finest in South America, where it lies in speaking contrast to a handsome bronze fountain that showers water upon it.

—It is not entirely surprising that the age which has invented so many new scientific terms for serious diseases should pay its greatest fees to the neurologists and nervous specialists. For diseases of the nerves are distinctively the fashionable maladies of the nineteenth century. In connection with this subject, a current story relates that Dr. ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON was recently offered $100,000 by a wealthy Mexican for the cure of his daughter, who was suffering from a mental trouble.

—The report, subsequently contradicted, that Secretary BLAINE intended to put himself in the hands of MULDOON, the wrestler, calls attention to the fact that very few of the men in public life at Washington give either time or thought to bodily exercise. The President and Secretary TRACY have become known as pedestrians, and some of the Senators walk or ride, but more for relaxation than for health. One or two of the Senators, like Mr. SAWYER and Mr. HISCOCK, are said to swing the Indian clubs or to visit the Columbia Club's gymnasium occasionally, but they are the exceptions, and there is absolutely no public man at the national capital who can parallel Mr. GLADSTONE'S feats of robust vigor. Senator CARLISLE is reported to be the worst sinner in this matter of not taking exercise, and it is well known that to a like inattention to the laws of health Senator PLUMB'S death was attributed. All this is bad, of course, but there is some small consolation in the fact that it obviates the fear with which Dean SWIFT was oppressed—that of "dying at the top first."



THE LATE WILLIAM ASTOR.—From the Painting by Bonnat.

WILLIAM ASTOR.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

With William Astor, who died in Paris on the 25th of April, the third generation of the Astor family closes, and so from the time of the rise of John Jacob Astor, the founder of its fortunes, to the death of William Astor, less than a century has elapsed.

John Jacob Astor, who died in 1848, had two sons, William Backhouse and John Jacob. William B. Astor was the father of William Astor, whose death has just been recorded. For the future, then, such attention as may be vouchsafed the Astors will be directed towards the great-grandchildren of that long-headed, enterprising, thrifty, and honest German fur-dealer, John Jacob Astor, who came to the United States some few years before the beginning of the year 1800.

If the possession of enormous wealth brings with it heavy responsibilities, it imposes certain positive annoyances, for the very rich never can escape that public curiosity which is focussed on them. Born to have all their actions heralded, they may become in a measure callous to scrutiny, nevertheless they must wince, because the material aspect of their lives always will present itself the more positively and tangibly, while those higher and better ideals which the wealthy strive for are overlooked.

If the Astor family be considered as part and parcel of our community, there is not one member of it who has not led an honorable life. So far they have been ready to give their aid to the general weal. Great individual wealth in this country having in a measure reared for itself a barrier preventing entrance into active political life, in the line of statesmanship the Astor men have not sought advancement.

But in many other ways they have been useful to the State, and notably in the cause of public education. One marked peculiarity of the Astors from grandfather to grandsons has been the unostentatious method of their charities. With a certain peculiarity of temperament, they have shrunk from notoriety in giving to the poor and needy. Good sound common-sense being another trait of the Astors in the distribution of their charity, this has not been entirely local, but widely distributed. There are always censors prone to find fault with the wealthy, if not with them personally, at least with the methods employed in the acquisition of fortune. Nothing has ever been said nor can be said in regard to the way in which the fortune of the Astor family was made, which was due to the wise real-estate investments made by John Jacob Astor. There never was as much as an accident in the building up of John Jacob's vast property. It was no cabbage garden, the owner of which was amazed and enriched when New York grew around his truck patch, and made him and his children millionaires. John Jacob Astor saw what others may have believed in—the great progress New York was to make in the nineteenth century. Less careful people bought land as the furrier bought it, but had neither the patience nor the money to wait for the coming prosperity. It was not always such easy going for the stout old Waldorf man. He had his periods of stress and storm. More than once his plans were checked, though never thwarted. His fortunes at one time were imperilled, but he was a singularly honest man, and for his probity had gained the confidence of a community of seventy-five years ago, and that helped him. While his furs brought him in good profits, he kept up with the demands made on him for the nursing of his real estate. Finally came the time when his property was clear, unencumbered, and he was the wealthiest man in the United States of half a century ago.

It may seem easy enough, having had such a fine estate left them, for the sons or grandsons of John Jacob Astor to have kept it. Taking, however, the history of families who have been the possessors of great wealth, that they have lost it in time seems to be the general law, for somehow "fortune takes wings." Even with entail, broad acres are swallowed up, and balances in bankers' vaults dwindle. Of the princely fortunes of the past, that of the Fuggers is the historic example. To-day of these once enormously rich people nothing remains but tradition and an empty title. Redistribution is a rule of nature. As heirs increase, settlements must be made, and the huge lump sum is frittered away.

With the Astors, the original plans of John Jacob seem to have been followed out, for it is in land that their investments have been made. They have always been able to wait until the fast-growing population should want the property they, the Astors, owned. Then the land was not disposed of, but built on, and good houses, carefully constructed, were for rent, but not for sale. Like a huge snowball, then, this wealth of the Astors has been accumulating.

It were idle to compute the Astor fortune, conjointly or separately. At best the total in dollars would be but a wild guess. Harper's Weekly has already given illustrations of two superb hotels now in process of erection in New York city owned by the Astors, the cost of which structures must run into the millions.

The beaver, the fox, the musk-rat skins, the buffalo-robes John Jacob Astor collected, some in New York, some in Astoria, and shipped to London, Leipsic, or the Chinese market, are in the bricks, stone, and mortar of these great modern caravansaries. As we have said before, the derivation of the first and of the last dollar John Jacob Astor made was honest; and Navisson is confuted when he wrote "that no man could be valiant unless he hazarded his body, nor rich unless he hazarded his soul." The founder of the family certainly turned an honest penny when he beat the dust out of his peltry, and if he found comfort in his old days with his money, he was fully entitled to it.

William Astor, who was the second son of William B. Astor (John Jacob, his elder brother, died in 1890), was born in New York in 1830. His mother was the daughter of General Armstrong, who was Secretary of War in Madison's cabinet. William Astor was a graduate of Columbia College, having taken his diploma at the head of his class in 1849. From his father, who was a highly educated man, the son inherited a love for letters. After his collegiate days he made an extended tour in the East. In 1853 he married Miss Schermerhorn, and from this union five children were born. For some years after his marriage he devoted himself to managing his father's estate, and until the death of his father in a measure had entire control of it. When the estate was settled, he retired from its management, delegating his authority to trusted employés. His tastes were for travel, yachting, and horse-breeding. For the last few years Mr. Astor has lived mostly abroad, occasionally paying New York a visit. It was rather Mrs. Astor who entertained in New York than her husband.

Somewhat reticent, but with a pleasing manner, William Astor was a highly cultured man. He was singularly courteous to those who were thrown in business relationship with him. To his guests on his fine yacht, the *Nourmahal*, he was the most considerate of hosts.

THE BROKAW MEMORIAL.

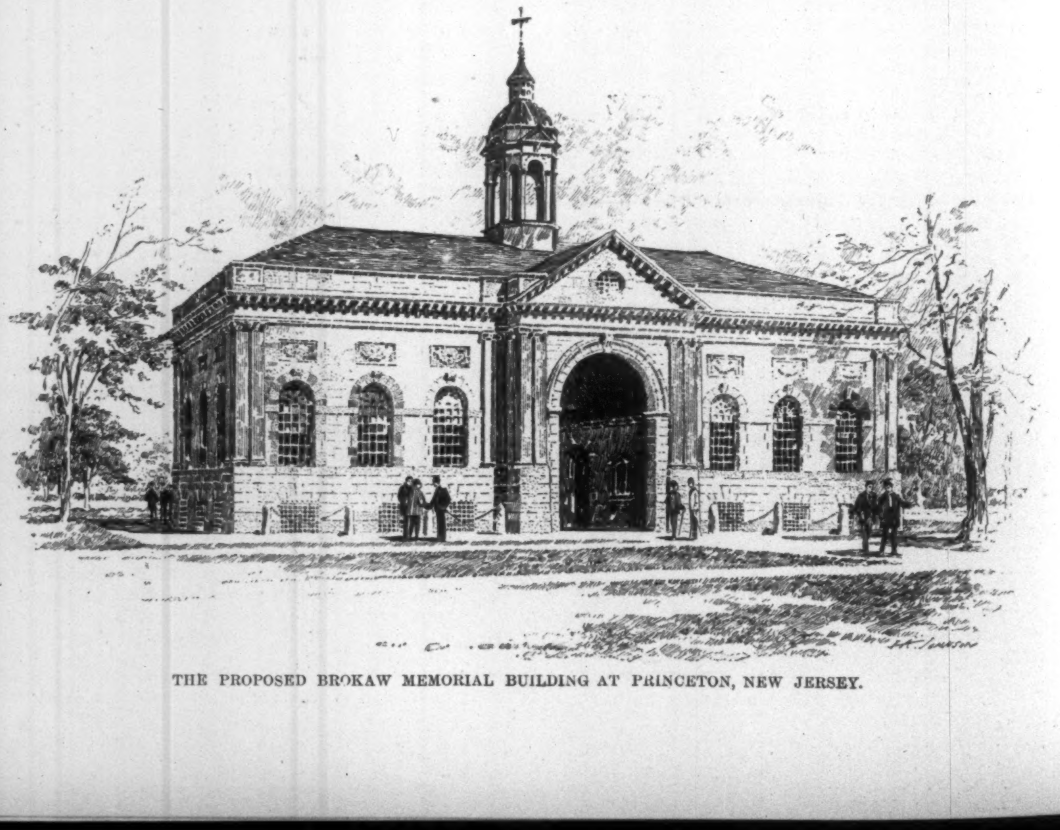
It is entirely fitting that the heroic death of Fred Brokaw, who was drowned last summer at Long Branch while attempting to rescue one of his father's servants, should be commemorated during the season of the game of which he was so skilled an exponent, and it is altogether appropriate that the monument to his memory should rest on grounds which were more frequently than any others the scene of his athletic triumphs.

Immediately after the brave boy lost his life, a movement was started by Princeton men to erect a suitable memorial. Naturally all thoughts of a subject were directed to the field in which he had been so shining an example of all that is best and pure in amateur sport. At first it was believed that an athletic field, which might be for the use of the Princeton undergraduates one and all—a sort of general playground, as it were—would be the most suitable form the memorial could take. It was designed to erect at the entrance to this field unpretentious gates, with properly inscribed tablets.

As the idea spread, however, the project developed materially. The interest was found to be so great, and the desire so general to erect a memorial that might stand for always a tribute to the boy, who in death as in life had been an honor to the training of his *alma mater*, that the original plan gave way to the present.

It is now the intention of the committee having the matter in charge to erect a building such as that shown herewith from the plans of Messrs. Rose and Stone. It will contain dressing-rooms, lockers, etc., besides a very fine swimming-tank 100 × 20 feet, which is not wholly under the main roof, but extends out behind, and is hidden from view by the ledge to the right of the building proper. In addition to these features, a trophy-room has been talked of, and will very likely be provided.

The lot, which has already been surveyed and staked off, will give space for two football fields, a baseball diamond, and from six to eight tennis-courts. The committee hopes to have the actual grading done during the coming summer, but is still in need of funds, and disinclined to begin work before the full amount has been raised.

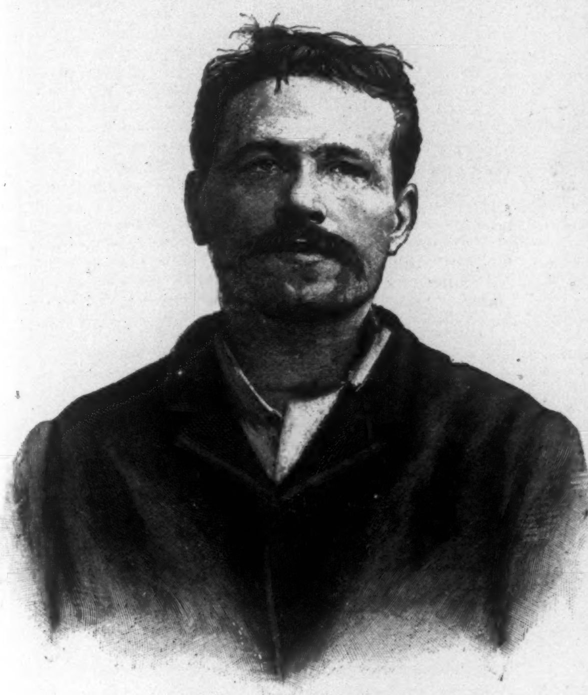


THE PROPOSED BROKAW MEMORIAL BUILDING AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE FRENCH ANARCHISTS.

To those who have followed the events of the anarchist movement in France, the portraits of the men who have borne part in the exciting incidents of the past twelve months will possess a peculiar interest. Ravachol, who, with his fellow-conspirator Simon, is now under sentence to penal servitude for life, has been the centre figure of the anarchist plot.

One year ago a man named Decamp was convicted at the Assizes of the Seine for having wounded some agents of police. Soon after this his friend, an anarchist named Chaumartin, was discovered by the police to be holding secret meetings at his house for the purpose of arranging a plan of



RAVACHOL.

vengeance against Judge Benoit and Public Prosecutor Bulot, who had officiated at the trial of Decamps. Among the plotters, it was alleged, were Charles Achille Simon, Joseph Marius Jas-Beala, the latter's mistress, a girl named Rosalie Soubère, and Ravachol, whose real name was François Claudius Koenigstein. When the rooms of Simon and Ravachol were subsequently searched by the police, models of bombs, several cartridges, and various fire-arms were discovered and seized. On the evening of the 11th of March last, Ravachol, accompanied by Beala and Simon, went to the house of Judge Benoit, No. 136 Boulevard St. Germain. Ravachol, stationing his confederates outside, entered the house and deposited a bomb loaded with sixty dynamite cartridges on the floor of the first story. He was attired in such a fashionable style that no one suspected his intentions. Having lighted the fuse, he hurried back to the street. Judge Benoit fortunately occupied the fourth floor of the house, hence, though his apartment was damaged, he escaped personal injury. The people on the lower floor appeared to escape by a miracle, only one person being wounded by the explosion. The ruin wrought to the building itself was, however, indescribable. A few nights after this Paris was startled by the explosions at the Lobau Barracks, but the different nature of the material used has caused it to be surmised that this second outrage was not the work of Ravachol or his confrères. Another official who had incurred the enmity of these plotters was the Commissary of Police at Clichy, who was instrumental in the prosecution of Decamps. On Sunday evening, March 27th, Ravachol, who had been lodging in the Ile St. Denis, but was then living at Saint-Mandé, started from the latter place, carrying a valise which contained a bomb. He went by omnibus to the Rue Clichy, and on arriving at the house of M. Bulot he entered and placed his bomb on the landing of the second story. As in the case of the explosion at Judge Benoit's, Ravachol was ignorant of the exact location of his victim's apartment, which, curiously enough, was situated similarly to that of Benoit's—on the fourth floor of the house. To this fact is traceable M. Bulot's immunity from injury, for the detonation caused by the bomb was terrific, wrecking the house to its foundation. A number of persons were, however, seriously wounded. Ravachol's subsequent arrest was mainly due to his own boasting. After having witnessed from a point of safety the results of his attempt, he went to a restaurant on the Rue Magenta, and while there indulged in indiscreet remarks. This aroused the suspicions of a waiter in the restaurant, who quietly started out to inform the nearest Commissary of Police. The Commissary, M. Dresch, at once went around to the restaurant, and taking a seat at the table opposite Ravachol, observed the latter closely, at the same time comparing notes with some official information he happened to possess. When Ravachol was about to leave, M. Dresch placed him under arrest, but he produced a revolver and offered a stubborn resistance. Only with the assistance of four or five by-standers was he finally secured, amid a scene of intense excitement. The vengeance of Ravachol's friends was afterwards manifested, under conditions of peculiar violence, in the carefully arranged explosion at the restaurant where his detection and capture occurred, and which resulted in the desperate maiming of the proprietor, M. Véry, his wife and daughter being seriously burned about the face. The waiter who caused Ravachol's arrest was uninjured, but he received an anonymous letter two days after the occurrence threatening him with reprisals.

The verdict of the Parisian jury, which found Ravachol and Simon guilty, with "extenuating circumstances," has saved them from the guillotine. This verdict, with its accompanying acquittal of Beala, Chaumartin, and the girl Rosalie Soubère, who were also on trial, is accepted as the natural outcome of the reign of terror which these startling developments of the anarchist movement has inaugurated in the French capital.

M. DRESCH, COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE.

COLONEL GEORGE L. ANDREWS.

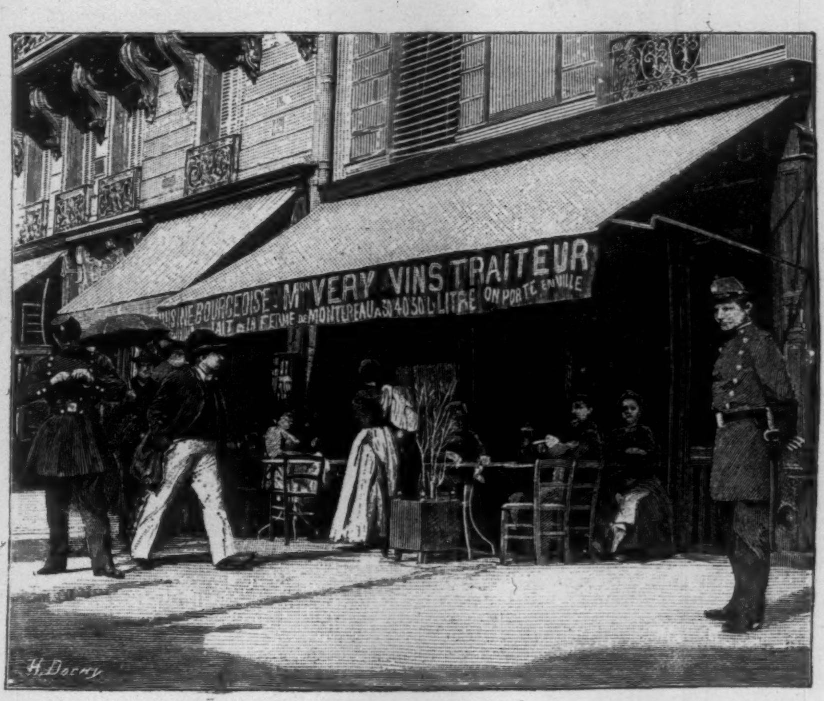
Colonel George L. Andrews, senior Colonel of the regular army, took formal leave of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States Infantry, at its headquarters in Fort Missoula, Montana, on Monday, April 18th. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and the military ceremonies, though brief, were very appropriate and significant. The troops were drawn up in line in full dress on the parade-ground, with colors displayed, and the "farewell order" formally published by the Adjutant, after which the commanding officer came down from his residence to receive the final parade.

The scene was deeply affecting, and many eyes were moistened as the real farewell came. Many an old soldier wept as he shook the hand of his old commander. Nor was the Colonel himself entirely unmoved. More than once his emotions overcame him. Indeed, real tears were shed by both officers and soldiers. It was a beautiful sight to see these men clad in the paraphernalia of war, hardened by years of service and discipline, giving way to the finer feelings of their nature, and manifesting a friendship as tender and rich as can be found anywhere in American life—officers and soldiers, white and black, all swayed by a common emotion, and mingling their tears in a common regret.

Colonel Andrews is still active, robust, and hardy. A New-Englander by birth, and a soldier from boyhood, his life has been one of activity and events. In 1861, in Missouri, he was driven out of the State militia because of his loyalty to the Union, only to enter the volunteer service for the war. He was engaged in the bloody battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lyons was killed, and was wounded, and had his horse shot under him in that engagement. Subsequently joining the Army of the Potomac, he participated in various battles in Virginia, and was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious services. At the close of the war he served as post, regiment, and district commander in the Northwest, and as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Arizona Territory.

His connection with the Twenty-fifth Regiment began on the 15th of December, 1870, when he was assigned to it as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the 1st of January, 1871, he was promoted to be its Colonel. It will be seen, therefore, that almost exactly one-third of his life has been spent with the regiment. What a world of meaning was there in the words, when, on receiving the final affectionate salute of the officers of his command, with choked utterance and eyes filled with tears, he said, "That is all, gentlemen"! A typical American gentleman and soldier, a useful object-lesson for the youth of the nation, his name holds a just place among those fittingly honored by a grateful government.

T. G. Steward, Chaplain U.S.A.



THE WINE-SHOP IN WHICH RAVACHOL WAS ARRESTED.
Subsequently blown up.

M. DE BEAUREPAIRE, THE PROSECUTOR-GENERAL.

M. VÉRY, PROPRIETOR OF THE WINE-SHOP.
Seriously Injured by the Explosion.

THE WAITER WHO IDENTIFIED RAVACHOL.

THE OLD COMMISSION.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

REAR-ADMIRAL WARBURN had for a long time been laid up "in ordinary," on the retired list. But when the North Atlantic Squadron entered New London Harbor, a change came over him. He resumed active service, to the extent at least of visiting the ships in rapid succession, escorting pleased boat-loads of ladies out to visit them, and even taking a pair of civilians under his wing, to dine on board Commander Oviatt's vessel.

This was how Galvin and I—for we were the civilians—happened to be there when he told a little story.

"Ah yes, yes," said the Admiral, as we smoked after dinner, on a small covered gun-deck near the cabin; "times have changed greatly."

He, the tawny veteran, sat half reclined in an East Indian cane chair which had been hauled up in friendly companionship beside a long six-inch rifled gun, that pointed its black nose—the nose of a hound seeking game—out through an opening in the curved and armored sponson.

This opening gave us a lovely out-door picture, enclosed in a white steel frame—a scene of peace upon which the murderous cannon was trained ominously. Before us lay the harbor of New London, the wide, rippling Thames—our New World Thames—broadening toward the Race and Sound in changeless beauty. In the green hills on either bank were set many little houses and imposing villas. Gay carriages twirled to and fro on the Pequot Road, their wheels and horses resembling at that distance the mechanism of some enlarged, mysterious sort of insect. With these, and sail-boats darting over the water, the whole scene was one of laughing holiday. But what if the quiet gun there had been the flaming mouth of an enemy?

The Admiral was speaking about days of war, the contrast with the present, changes in ships, and the importance of our new American navy. "This will put new life into our officers," he continued. "You won't see them pining to escape from the service, as so many were a few years ago. Why, I remember when Scranton here"—he turned toward the lieutenant, a wiry man of melancholy cheek and long-drawn mustache—"was reading law, bent on resigning, to become a land-shark. Isn't that so?"

"Why, yes," the lieutenant confessed. "But you must do me the credit—I gave it up even before the new navy was planned. You should also remember that I came and told you I found it too much of a pull to go back on my old commission."

"True," said Warburn. "And, somehow, speaking of this brings to my mind what happened to Murray Randolph. Surely, Oviatt, you remember him—'Rando,' as we used to call him."

"Certainly; Rando that was. But that was an age ago. *He* disappeared early in the war, and I never found out quite what became of him, either."

"It's odd that no one ever happened to tell you."

"Let's hear it now, then."

"Who was he?" inquired Galvin. "Connected with the Virginia Randolphs?"

"Yes; and one of the most gallant Virginians I ever knew."

"A fine fellow!" murmured Oviatt. "Tall and slender, when he was young, with strong features. Smooth face. Looked just like a profile head that you see on those ancient Greek coins in the museums. What I'm driving at, the faces on such coins, twenty-five hundred years old, have all the dignity of great age, yet they are young forever. They are classic. So was Murray Randolph—in appearance."

"And also in fact," the Admiral declared. "When I first met him he was fresh from the mint—not the mint of juleps. He had got the government stamp on him, and was about to be put into circulation as an officer. At Annapolis, it was; just after the regular graduation system came in. I was a cadet, and he was a middy on waiting-orders. He was very chummy with me. But how I did look up to him! When he went to sea, naturally he became my pet hero. The only drawback on that was he didn't do anything heroic." The Admiral lolled back in his cane chair, and laughed. "Good reason," he said. "There was no chance. And, on the same account, when I went to sea, and the years rolled by, *I* didn't do anything heroic either."

He laughed again. But those of us who remembered or had read how Admiral Warburn sailed a ship up a certain narrow channel hedged across with torpedoes were hardly inclined to smile at his bravery. He went on suddenly to speak about acts of signal gallantry in the war. His eyes gazed far away. His deeply bronzed face glowed as if with a flush of sunbeams returning from the days of earlier manhood. An underlying solemnity gave peculiar pathos to this look of renewed youth; and as varying emotions touched his face, we saw the fiery light of battle blaze up in him again. At moments, too, when abstractedly I lost sight of him, all but his white hair and beard, the smoke of guns seemed actually to be drifting across the rush and glare of the conflict as of old.

"Well, well," he said at last, "Randolph's chance came in the end." Then he proceeded without further orders, and the course he shaped is laid down in the narrative below.

About the beginning of our war I reported at Washington, and there I met any God's quantity of old navy men—yes, "God's quantity," that's just exactly what they seemed to me—hurrying to offer their services toward helping to save the Union. Fellows who had resigned and gone into business or professions, and even men that were almost invalids, came in crowds to ask for some sort of duty—some chance to offer their lives for the country. I kept seeing these fellows right and left, and it did me good, for there were waverers among us, no doubt of it—Southern men, who found it too great a strain to go and fight their own home-folks. Well, one day, going up the steps of the Navy Department—shabby old building, then, but dignified—I ran against Murray Randolph. You can guess how delighted I was to see him. We hadn't met for years; and there he was, large as life, a Southern man coming to declare his loyalty.

He had been on sick-leave for a number of months, but at his last examination before the Board of Surgeons had been pronounced fit for duty again.

"Isn't it glorious," I said to him, "to see the old boys coming back?" and so on. "At the first sign of danger to the flag," I said, "they flock round like a brood of eagles."

I thought, right away, that he didn't answer with much vim. "Some of us may never meet again," he said.

"Fortune of war, of course," said I, rather indignant at his taking that tone. "*Some* of us have got to die. But it's all for honor." Then I asked him whether he had been assigned to duty.

"No," said he; "but my duty is fixed. It is perfectly clear."

"What do you mean by that?" I ripped out. I was a good deal astonished.

He glanced aside; only for a moment. Then he looked me square in the eyes, with a good deal of suppressed fire. "Warburn," said he, "I've resigned, and my resignation has been accepted."

If I'd had the voice of a steam-whistle, it wouldn't have done justice to my anger and my disappointment. As it was, I let out a mild sort of yell, but it showed him what I felt. "You mean you're going to shirk duty under fire?" I asked him.

It was his turn to get mad, and he didn't lose a minute. He clinched his fist. I thought he was going to hit me. He didn't do that, but he fired off a volley. It was that he couldn't shirk, because he was a Virginian; but being a Virginian, he couldn't serve against his own State. He would be under fire fast enough, as I would see; but it would be on the other side.

We had it hot and heavy, of course. I argued with him, but to no purpose. Finally I said:

"Well, before we proceed to break each other's heads, we might as well break bread together. Come and dine with me to-night."

That caught him, and he agreed. Our feast was a strange one, though. We were very fierce between courses, and pretty nearly fought out the whole war in advance across that little table. Well, sir, in the end I convinced him. I don't mention that to my credit; but it was greatly to *his*. He decided to withdraw his resignation, and the very next morning he went to the department to attend to the matter.

When he started on that errand he was buoyant; when he came back to me a couple of hours later a terrible change had swept over him. I never want to see a man again so stamped with despair. The Secretary of the Navy, it seems, had been resentful. He wouldn't trust an officer who had hesitated for a single day.

"No," he said; "your resignation has been accepted, and I refuse to reinstate you."

So, at one blow, Rando's past was wiped out, and his future taken away from him. My hero was knocked into splinters. His temper was too fine to allow him any course of revenge in mere personal pique. What was he to do? He explained his own view of this at once by saying:

"Well, I've made my sacrifice. I've abandoned my State and held to the Union on conviction. I have asserted my loyalty; nothing can change that now; but it has not been accepted. Therefore the only thing left, the only resort I have, is to enlist as a sailor."

Good heavens! the idea of it! I exclaimed at him, "What! you, an officer, and well up on the list for promotion?"

He said, very sadly, "I am no longer an officer."

"Oh, well," I told him, "it's utterly impossible for you to go as a common sailor-man."

"No, sir," he shot back. "Nothing is impossible to a patriot."

He moved away, about to leave me. I called him back, and urged that a lot of us could get together and mollify the Secretary; but he wouldn't listen.

"I have said I am loyal," he retorted; "and my word is doubted. I can't call the Secretary out for a duel. I cannot dishonor myself by pledging my word again. But I will *prove* my word is true."

Right on that he marched off. I had no idea the matter would end there. Kept expecting him to turn up again for weeks. But he didn't come, and no one could get track of him anywhere. Well, the rush of war caught me after that; I was absorbed body and brain. Randolph drifted out of sight. He became a mere memory; like a man lost overboard and left far behind us.

I never saw him again till near the close of the war. Oviatt, you were speaking a little while ago about Fort Fisher. Well, the second assault on Fisher, and the capture, took place on the 15th of January, 1865. I was there; and there I heard of Rando for the first time since our parting. When the fleet was in Beaufort Roads, just before the attack, it happened that an old quartermaster came on board our ship from the *Minnesota*. He was a man I had known in the service formerly, and so he made bold to speak to me.

"Beg pardon, sir"—touching his cap—"but there's a gentleman serving on our ship as bo's'n, and I think you know him, sir."

It sounded so deuced impudent, I didn't know what to make of it. So I growled out: "A gentleman a bo's'n? What do you mean? What's his name?"

"Murphy, sir."

"Never heard of him," said I, disgusted.

The quartermaster was persistent. "Beg pardon, sir"—he was eying me keenly now—"he's on the roll as Murphy, but he doesn't look like a Murphy, and he ain't. The sergeant and I thinks he is a Mr. Murray Randolph, sir."

"Randolph!" The whole possibility flashed upon me. "The sergeant and you?" said I. "Who *is* the sergeant?"

"Sergeant of marines, sir. He knew Mr. Randolph, sir, when Mr. Randolph was lieutenant on the *Vandalia* with the old Pacific squadron. That was some years back. The sergeant is more forward than I be, sir. The other day he saluted Murphy, and says to him, 'Good-morning, lieutenant,' says he. Murphy looks kind o' frightened like, but was very stiff; and says he: 'None of your nonsense, sergeant. What are you up to?' 'Snuff,' says the sergeant, 'and I know you, sir. You are Lieutenant Murray Randolph.' Then Murphy bluffed him off. Said there was such a man once, he b'lieved, but he had come to an end long ago. The sergeant and I thinks otherwise. It come to us, remembering you were an old friend on the same ship, you might wish to take a look at him."

Whereupon I thanked the quartermaster. In fact, I would have gone straight over to the *Minnesota* to investigate "Murphy," but Porter signalled the fleet to get under way almost immediately, and I couldn't leave my ship. Then came the bombardment, and then the assault. We landed 1600 sailors and 400 marines, if you remember, to help the army. It was heart-breaking work for our poor blue-jackets, charging those high ramparts across an open beach, with nothing in their hands but cutlasses and revolvers that didn't carry far enough. They weren't organized either—only squads thrown into one force. The fire of the lower guns raked the beach and broke 'em up—drove 'em back under cover of the marines' muskets. The fort was taken that night, of course; but when our wounded lads were brought off the next morning, they were all mixed up. One of our own boats, coming to us, carried, as it turned out, a badly damaged sergeant of marines, and on his knees a wounded sailor was resting unconscious. They both belonged to the *Minnesota*.

The sergeant said, telling me his story: "You see, sir, I had been hit in the leg, but I had bandaged it up all nice; and I was grazed on my arm, too, but didn't take any account of it. When we had fallen back towards the edge of the beach, though, some fool up there in the fort fired a bullet that took off one of my toes. *That* made me mad! Just then I sighted a man on top the earth-work, peeking over as if he was glad he'd made small change of my toe-joint, though more 'n likely he wa'n't the one that did it. I up with my gun, all the same, and give him a ball right in the neck. Did you ever kill a goose? Well, sir, that fellow acted just like a shot goose. His neck and head swung round and round, slow, and then he dropped forward on the parapet, dead. About that time I got faint from loss of blood, and when I sat down to rest, I saw this here sailor-man stretched out right along side of me. We had to stay there all night, and I tried to keep an eye on him, but at last I dropped off asleep. I was dreaming, I don't know how long, and something cool and pleasant, I thought, lay round my head. It was like soft pillows. And I heard music, too; but the music began to smother me, and I woke up abrupt, and found it was the tide coming in, humming round us. A little more and we'd both have been drowned men. So I hauled this chap a little further up the sand heaps, and we waited till we was took off, he across my knees in the boat, for it was crowded; and I wished I had my spare toe right there, for he leaned heavy on my lame leg, I tell you. I'm afraid, sir, he's a gone 'coon, and that's some account, for, if I ain't mistaken, his name is Randolph Murray, a lieutenant that was."

I admit I shuddered as I looked closely at the unconscious man in his sailor clothes. It *was* Rando! And my own breath came freer again as I saw the breath stir in *him*. He was alive! It wasn't long, under good care and attention, before he came to, and you never knew a man gladder than he was when he saw me leaning over him.

That was after we had got him comfortably stowed in a hammock in the sick-bay. He clutched my hand invalid fashion, yet with an unearthly sort of strength, and smiled in his reserved way, but it was a proud smile, too.

"You see, I kept my word. I've been loyal, Warburn, all through. But—if they had only given me back my old commission!"

His tone of regret, so deep and unsatisfied but perfectly calm, was appalling, and shook my nerve. But an inspiration came to me, and I made a resolve on the spot, though all I could say to him was,

"Don't think too much of the past, old man; just try to *live* for us *now*."

Then I quietly went to work to get him restored to his rank. I wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, to the President, and to Congressmen right and left. My fellow-officers helped with a will, and there was a fair prospect of securing what we wanted. But you know how much red tape and delay there is about such matters, even in war-time, and meanwhile Randolph seemed to be dying.

Every morning and afternoon I went to see him regularly. He never uttered another word in the way of repining for his lost rank, but his eyes, as they met mine, questioned me. They were hungry. It may be he had some sort of hope; but he wouldn't put it into words. I always gave him a cheerful, encouraging look. But what could I say?

"I know I'm dying"—he came out with that at last. "Now, Warburn, will you see to it that the department gets and records my true name, and understands how I served the Union and died for it just in this way?"

That was almost too much. "Died?" I shot back. "How can I tell 'em anything of the sort when you *haven't* died at all, and we don't mean to let you? You haven't any right even to talk about such a thing. You've got to wait, anyhow, till you get your old commission again. It will be here soon."

Then, I tell you, fire came into his eyes, and real joy, too.

"Will it?" he asked, in a child's voice, with the trust of a child.

I just nodded. For, to tell the truth, I didn't feel much like talking, and if I talked, I might not be telling the truth.

Days and days passed, and Rando outlived by more than a week the span the surgeons allotted to him. The promise I had held out evidently kept him up. But by that time I began to wonder whether the promise could be fulfilled, and I suppose he wondered still more, poor fellow. He was very feeble; the spark of life might go at any moment. Really he looked like a mere shadowy tracing of himself as he lay there against the white of the hammock. As for me, I was in an agony of suspense for fear he should die disappointed. I tried to hearten him up, to cheer him, divert him, even to the extent of joking, and telling him he never could pass the guard lines out of this life if he didn't carry his old commission. He took that in good part, but it was no use.

There was always that look of parched, hungry, thirsty expectancy in his eyes. And each time I came to sit beside him, which was oftener and oftener now, and he saw I hadn't brought what he longed for, such light as there was about his face died away from him again. It was an awful struggle between us of hope and pity, and all silent. No words can describe it, and we had no words to express it. We did not dare speak it fully, but he was true metal still, and held on with such grit as I never saw outdone.

Very early one morning a small steam-tender came to us with despatches. Immediately on receiving them, I hurried to Randolph. Day was breaking, and shone with a mingled sort of light—pearl and crimson together. Rando's pale face was whiter still. It was only fancy, of course, but the mixed light made it look for a moment as though the drops of blood that sprinkled his face when we first recovered him were still there. Yes—pearl and crimson!

He was awake, and turned that searching gaze on me at once, but apparently could not utter a word. I opened the big official envelope which I had brought with me, drew out the document, and held it up before him. He could see by the morning gleam what it was. He raised his thin arms, and seized it from me quickly.

"Yes, thank God!" said I, "it's the old commission, and dated from the very day when you asked for it back. You've earned it fairly. You won't resign it now, Rando?"

He understood me all right, for I touched his hand with mine and he smiled a little, with a bright glance in return, and whispered, very earnestly, "Never."

Miracles have happened, and I thought surely a miracle would bring him round to life then, and keep him alongside—what with the excitement, the surprise, and the happiness! Suddenly, though, there was a change, and a kind of startled look in his face. He grasped the parchment more firmly, as if he was afraid some one might take it from him, and almost in a minute he was dead.

As the Admiral ended, a burst of martial music poured in upon us. It came from the open deck; and, obeying that strain, we all rose in silence, and passed out to where the band played patriotic airs while the flag was hauled down for the night.

THE NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.

The President has appointed Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, to succeed Mr. Whitelaw Reid as Minister of the United States in Paris. Mr. Coolidge was placed in nomination for the office by Republicans of the New England delegation in Congress, but as he is comparatively unknown in public life, the possibility of his appointment was not more than mentioned in the newspapers. He has held only two public posts—Park Commissioner of Boston and delegate to the recent Pan-American Congress. He is a little more than sixty years old, and a native of Boston, where, in business and society, he has been prominent for thirty-five years. His grandfather was Thomas Jefferson, the first Minister to France after the formation of the United States.

Mr. Coolidge was graduated from Harvard, and then spent some time in Europe. Returning home, he entered into the East India trade, in which he prospered. In 1858 he became the President of the Booth Manufacturing Company, with large cotton-mills at Lowell. The affairs of this company were not in good financial condition when Mr. Coolidge took charge, but in the course of several years he established the business upon a sound footing. Then he went to France, and lived there for three years, acquiring during this residence a proficiency in the French language that will be of great value to him in his new capacity. When he came back to America he took charge of the Lawrence Manufacturing Company, and built up a small business into a very large one. In 1880 he gave up manufacturing, and became President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad. He helped this company out of very serious financial straits, and then for a little while was President of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. When he retired from this company he resumed the financial management of several New England cotton-mills, and in these he is still interested.

The new Minister has never been prominent in politics, though always a stanch Republican. His son, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jun., was one of the leading spirits in the establishment of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massachusetts, and there was in consequence some misunderstanding as to the father's position. The elder Coolidge set this at rest by contributing to the election of Mr. Harrison. Mr. Coolidge has been prominent in the public charities in Boston. At Harvard he erected the Physical Research Laboratory, and gave to the town of Manchester a public library. Mr. Coolidge has rather a soldierly bearing, and in society is one of the most popular men in New England.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

Fickle April has never been better behaved than on the perfect day it supplied New York for the half-holiday that was decreed by the Legislature of the State for enabling all its citizens to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument to General Grant. Never has the site vindicated the wisdom of its choice more decisively than in the clear air that made starkly visible from it the interminable northward reach of the storied river, the beginnings opposite of the Palisades, and the wide intervening water, dotted with steam craft, from the great grim monitor, the *Miantonomoh*, that was to roar out its salute at the end of the exercises, to the smaller vessels, all fluttering with bunting. To those who had made their way to Claremont up the Riverside Drive, where it terminates, and to those who had come through the Central and the Morningside parks, the site of the monument was the natural goal and culmination of one of the most delightful of suburban drives, with the emerald grass and the tender green of the early foliage and the patches of the daring early blossoms flanking the roadway. To the greater number that came in the packed cars of the elevated road and climbed the sudden hill, the view of the river and the further shore before them and the park greenery all about them as they gained the plateau came as a glad surprise. Few of the great concourse that had assembled at the hour set for the beginning of the ceremony but must have reflected how fortunate was the choice of this far-seen bluff for the tomb and monument of a hero.

How large the concourse was is a question that even the most experienced of guessers on like occasions would hesitate to answer. The base of the monument, which had been levelled weeks before, was furnished with some four thousand seats. At the southwest corner of it hung from the sustaining derrick that was to lower it when the time arrived the corner-stone, a granite cube of six feet. Midway along the southern face of the foundation was a gay little canopy of red and white and blue that was to shelter the speakers. The platform was filled with close rows of sitters, and a great crowd of people extended southward from this point, densely massed, to a point far beyond the carrying capacity of any voice, insomuch that the cheering which greeted the President when he spoke was at the outskirts of this throng audible only as the stridulous notes of insects. On the other faces of the foundation the crowd was not so dense, but on each there was at all times a crowd, which seemed to increase from the beginning to the end of the ceremony. The guesses ran all the way from twenty to seventy thousand. One of them may be worth giving, and that is a park policeman's estimate, which in such a matter is that of an expert, that there were two thousand vehicles. At an average of four passengers, this would give eight thousand "carriage people," and these bore but a small proportion to those who had come on foot.

Whatever its magnitude, the crowd was so great that only a small fraction of it could hear what was said, or even with any distinctness see who was saying it. What it had come out to see must have been doubtful to those of its members who were not prepared frankly to confess that they had come out to see each other. What was said of General Grant's funeral was even more conspicuously true of this later demonstration of honor to his memory. The spectators were the spectacle. The funeral procession, however, was in itself a wonderful sight, as almost everybody who was left in town that August day can bear witness, whereas the procession on this later occasion was but a moderate pageant. If the law creating the half-holiday had been enacted earlier, doubtless all of our citizen soldiery would have helped to swell it, but this was impracticable, and Troop A was left to represent the militia and to escort the President. It did this duty very admirably, and won the admiration of everybody for the appearance of men and horses, but its numbers did not entitle it to be regarded as a procession. Several companies of regular artillery had been detailed for the occasion, but they were landed at the wharf below the bluff, marched to the plateau, and deployed to receive the President, and when the exercises were over, departed as they had come. There were present, too, some two thousand members of the Grand Army and of the Loyal Legion. Mrs. Grant was present with two of her sons and their children, and the distinguished visitors as they arrived paid their respects to the widow of the hero as one of the chief duties of the occasion.

The programme gave two o'clock as the hour of beginning, and it was with a surprising punctuality that not many minutes after a squad of gray-coated park policemen appeared clearing the way for the troop, of which four platoons marched in front of the President's carriage and three behind. Behind came a long line of carriages, containing the distinguished and the undistinguished persons having official relations to the occasion, and mere spectators driving for pleasure. Among the former were the Vice-President, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior, General Howard and General Schofield, General Horace Porter, Mr. Depew, and Rev. Dr. John Hall.

The exercises were as simple as the arrangements. General Horace Porter delivered a speech containing the very significant and welcome announcement that within little more than a month over $200,000 had been added to the $150,000 of subscriptions for building the monument that had been collected since General Grant's death, and expressed his confident expectation that by Memorial day the whole amount needed to complete the $500,000 the monument is estimated to cost will have been subscribed. It is fair to add that it is to General Porter's own energy and sagacity that the result he announced is mainly to be attributed.

Then the President was introduced to "lay" the corner-stone, that is, to spread the mortar over its bed with a golden trowel made for the occasion, and, after a prayer by Dr. Hall, Mr. Harrison made a brief speech in eulogy of General Grant and in hearty praise of General Porter's management of the enterprise. Mr. Depew's oration, a careful and unexaggerated statement of the claims of General Grant to the gratitude of his countrymen, came next, and after this the benediction. This had no sooner been pronounced than the great guns of the *Miantonomoh* began to roar their "Federal salute." A way was made for the carriages of the President and his companions, and presently a continuous stream of vehicles began to flow down the Riverside to the city, the crowd diffused itself over the spaces lately reserved, and the laying of the corner-stone was over.

THE NEW AND OLD PRACTICE CRUISERS.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN., [LATE] U. S. NAVY.

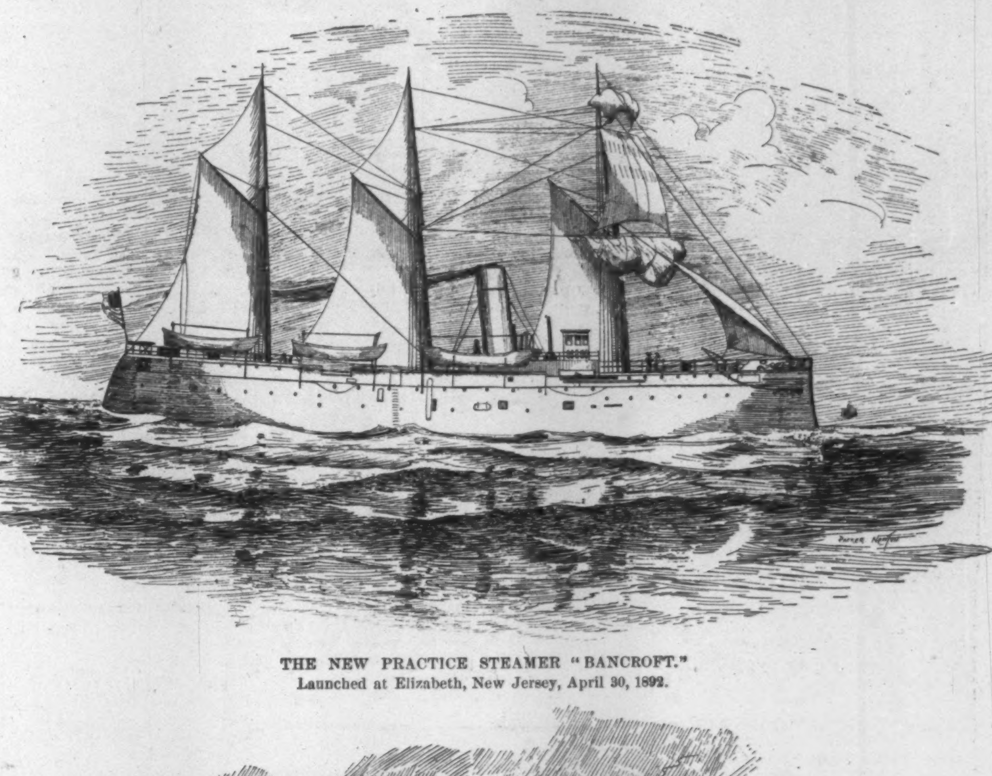
The launching of the new practice cruiser for the use of the naval cadets merits more than a passing notice, for it is the first time in the history of the United States that its embryo officers have been recognized to the extent of a modern ship, armed with high-power guns. The old obsolete type, of which the *Constellation* is a fair representative, has seen service ever since the foundation of the Academy in 1845. Though many eminent officers of the navy, realizing that the school of the sailor is not to-day what it was in the time of Paul Jones, have strongly advocated the building of a modern vessel, their ideas never seemed to materialize, and the faithful old *Constellation* was commissioned for this important duty every summer.

The application of steam and electricity to the modern man-of-war has wrought many radical changes in naval warfare—changes that now make it necessary for an officer to be a scientist as well as a sailor. By these titanic forces the monster gun is rapidly loaded, the huge projectile raised to the breech, and the entire battery fired with marvellous precision. Verily it looks as though the days of sails are numbered, and yet a few seamen of the old school refuse to accept the new conditions.

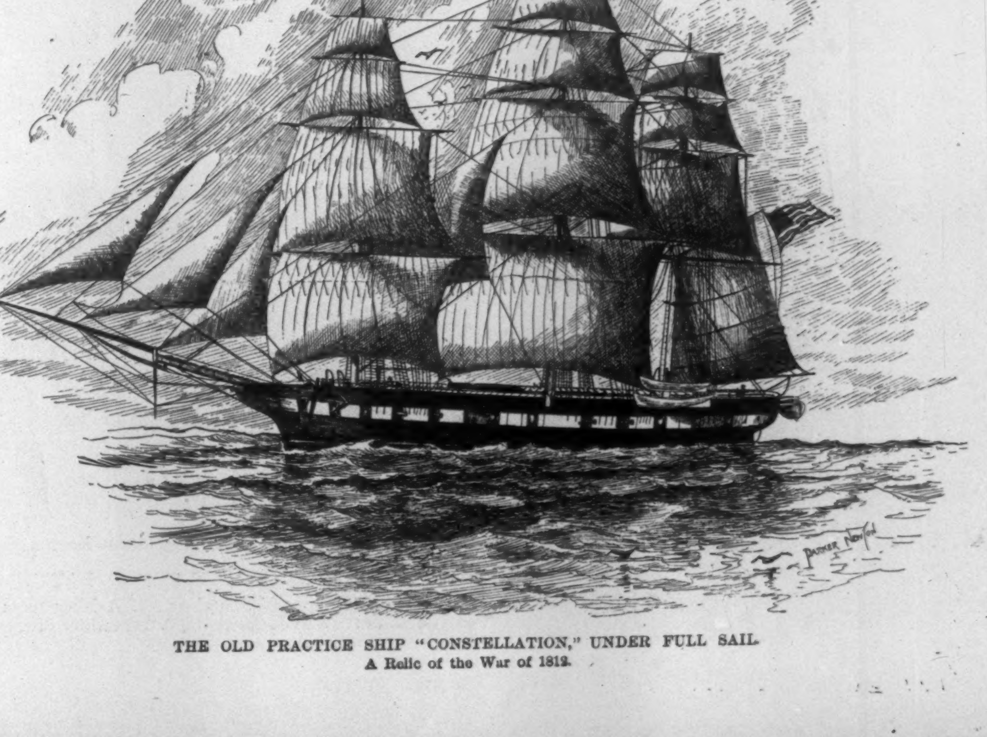
"I will never believe in this 'teakettle' seamanship," said an old retired officer to me a few days ago. "You press the button, and the propellers do the rest," he continued; "and though I fully realize the necessity of both steam and electricity to produce an efficient fighting machine, it is not the school in which we should train our young cadets to make good seamen. No, sir; send them to sea first in an old-fashioned 'square-rigger'; teach them how to handle a vessel under canvas alone, and after leaving Annapolis they will have every opportunity of learning how to steer a ship under steam."

On the other hand, the younger generation claim that the vessel of the future will take the sea without a stitch of canvas. Heavy spars and rigging, they say, raise the centre of gravity, and therefore tend to destroy the stability of a vessel. For this reason the lightest possible masts, to sustain the machine-guns, will be fitted.

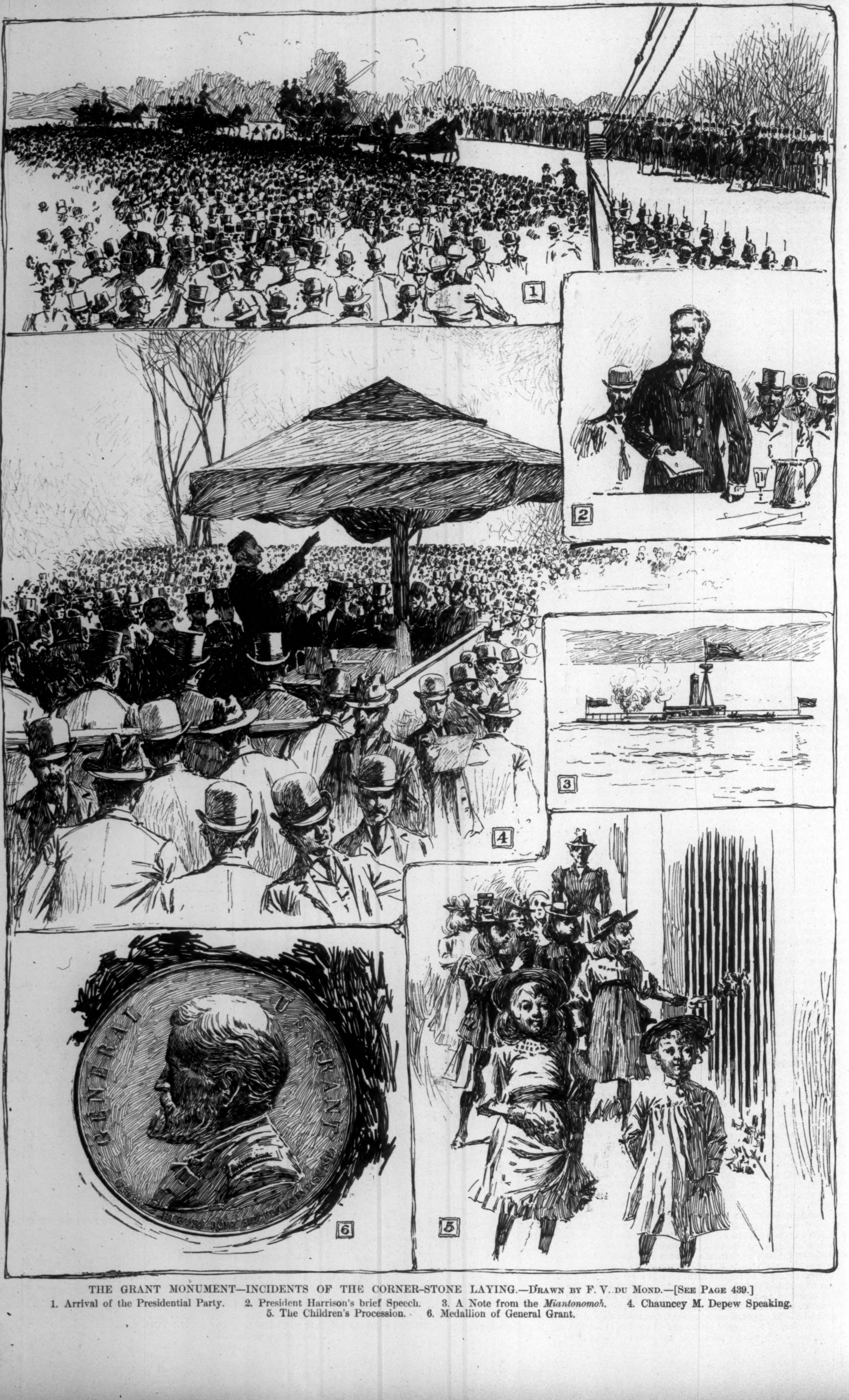
Both of these statements are the extreme views of enthusiasts, for the day will never come when sails can be eliminated entirely from a vessel of the cruising type. In the region of the trade-winds, when speed is not a desideratum, economy at least would demand the banking of fires and the uncoupling of propellers. Would it not be well, therefore, to effect a compromise, and send the younger cadets to sea in a sailing vessel, while the older ones could utilize the new steamer? Cruises in sailing ships are, like angels' visits, few and far between, and it would be poor economy to put away the old *Constellation*, one of the smartest ships afloat.



THE NEW PRACTICE STEAMER "BANCROFT."
Launched at Elizabeth, New Jersey, April 30, 1892.



THE OLD PRACTICE SHIP "CONSTELLATION," UNDER FULL SAIL.
A Relic of the War of 1812.



THE GRANT MONUMENT—INCIDENTS OF THE CORNER-STONE LAYING.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

1. Arrival of the Presidential Party. 2. President Harrison's brief Speech. 3. A Note from the *Miantonomoh.* 4. Chauncey M. Depew Speaking. 5. The Children's Procession. 6. Medallion of General Grant.

BY PIERRE LOTI.

It is with hesitation and considerable sadness that I undertake to write a chapter on Constantinople. When I was first asked to do so, I was disposed to decline; but I felt that refusal would be a kind of treason to the Turks, so here I am about to begin.

To write an impersonal description with the unbiassed mind of an artist is altogether impossible to me, more so than ever, in fact, in the present case. Once more, then, those who follow me must resign themselves to see with my eyes, for it will be, so to speak, through my very soul that they will look at mighty Stamboul.

Oh, Stamboul, name of all names, ever appealing with fresh magic force to me! So soon as it is pronounced there rise before me, but far up above my head, the gigantic, incomparably beautiful outlines of a town dimly defined against the distant sky. The sea is at the feet of this ethereal city, a sea dotted with thousands of ships and boats, skimming about in ceaseless agitation, and from which issues a babel of sound in every language of the Levant. The smoke—a veil never completely lifted—floats like a long horizontal cloud above the crowds of black steamboats, the gilded kaïks, and the motley groups on the quays, shouting out their avocations, or hawking their various wares. And beyond it all rises the huge town, looking as if it were suspended in the air above the dust-begrimed mists. There, pointing up into the pure blue sky, are the minarets with their sharp lancelike points; there are the round domes beyond, rising in endless masses, some of a grayish color, others of a dead white, piled up tier after tier, like pyramids of stone bells. There are the never-changing mosques, unaltered by the lapse of centuries, though, perchance, they were a little whiter ere the steamers from the West tarnished the air with their exhalations, and when none but sailing vessels anchored beneath their shade, but ever radically the same, crowning Stamboul generation after generation, with the same huge cupolas, giving to it its unique appearance, grander than that of any other town in the world. They are the very essence of the past, these unvarying mosques; and in their stones and marbles they enshrine the old Mussulman spirit which is still in the ascendent on the heights from which they rise. Whether Stamboul is approached from the Sea of Marmora or from the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, these mosques are the first things to emerge from the shifting mists of the horizon; rising in quiet dignity above all that is petty and modern on the quays and in the harbor, they thrill us with old memories, calling up the grand mystic dream of Islam, with the thought of Allah the Terrible and of death.

It was at the foot of these mosques that I passed that part of my life which is most indelibly imprinted on my memory. They looked down upon my adventurous career when the happy days of long ago flitted by all too fast. I saw them everywhere, their grand domes rising above me, now of a dull white beneath the summer sun, when I went to seek for shade beneath the plane-trees of some old deserted square; now black and indistinct beneath the midnight sky of December, when my kaïk glided furtively along the quays of sleeping Stamboul; ever present, apparently eternal, they were always with me, as I drifted from one day to another as chance dictated. From each one seemed to emanate a melancholy all its own; each one seemed charged with a special mission, the solemnity of which radiated from it upon all around. Gradually, as my life became more and more that of a Turk, I grew to love them with a strange love, and to be more and more enamoured of the proud and dreamy race to which they belonged; in fact my soul, which was then in a kind of transition state, and altogether absorbed by a passionate love, was thoroughly attuned to Oriental mysticism.

And then, when the time came for me to leave them, oh, how terribly sad I felt as, one dull evening in March, I floated along the Sea of Marmora, watching the town gradually getting smaller, gradually becoming blotted out! When all else was vague, all but gone, the grand domes and minarets still rose above the cold white sea fog, the superb and lofty outlines of Stamboul still stood out against the darkening sky. And then, in that last now fading sight, was symbolized, so to speak, all that I was leaving behind me with such bitter regret—all my happy Turkish life—and the whole scene became engraved upon my mind in an absolutely indelible manner. During all the years of wandering life which succeeded that evening, during all my exiles on seas how-

TURKISH WOMEN.

ever distant, I saw again, night after night in my dreams, the city of domes and minarets, and felt again, as it rose up against the gray horizon of the imaginary scene, the old homesickness as for a native land. I could draw Stamboul from memory without a mistake; and whenever I return to it I feel the same half-painful, half-delighted emotion—an emotion which time has never lessened.

I do not think, however, that the glamour of my personal recollections at all exaggerates the real grandeur of the aspect of Stamboul. It is denied by none, and is, in fact, traditional. All travellers, no matter who, even those whose ignorance is absolutely unfathomable, are affected in a singular manner when the imposing outlines gradually emerge in the distance. And as long as Stamboul, vulgarized, alas! though it is, and profaned by tourists from all parts of the world, retains this approach and these noble outlines, it will remain, in spite of everything, the wonderful city of the Caliphs, the Queen of the Orient.

Round about Stamboul are grouped other quarters and the series of palaces and mosques which together form Constantinople. First comes Pera, where the Christians congre-

Note.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of Harper's Weekly; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841.

THE TOWER OF THE SERASKIERAT.

BRIDGE BETWEEN CONSTANTINOPLE AND STAMBOUL.

gate; then along the Bosporus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, an almost uninterrupted series of suburbs, the whole being in constant communication by means of countless steamers and a whole fleet of kaïks. The traffic of the great town, scattered as are its houses along the shore, is mostly carried on by water, and there is a perpetual coming and going upon the sea of vessels laden with a motley crowd.

The various quarters of Constantinople are totally distinct, with inhabitants of different race, different religion, and different customs. These quarters will never amalgamate. Some are dark and gloomy, with lofty houses, warped out of shape by old age, huddled together in deep depressions, almost without sunshine, and white with lime, stone, and marble. Some parts of the city, again, are filled day and night with a noisy, restless, often grotesque-looking crowd, whilst others are deserted and solemn, the spirit of the past seeming to have taken refuge among the kiosks and tombs. Some houses perched upon hills overlook the distant fairylike view; others are hidden in quiet nooks, beneath ancient trees grouped around some antique mosque, the inhabitants living just such a quiet countrylike life as their ancestors before them for many generations.

No capital varies more in its internal details, or in its general aspect from hour to hour, according to the condition of the sky and clouds, and the direction of the wind. Burning summers and brilliant sunshine are succeeded by gloomy, rainy winters, with now and then a sudden snow-storm flinging its white mantle over the many thousands of black roofs.

And these streets, squares, and outlying districts of Constantinople seem in some sense to belong to me and I to them. When I watch the idle crowds disgorged from the steamers, I grudge them their freedom to wander about the town, and look upon them as intruders desecrating my own domain, without a proper feeling of admiration and respect for ancient Stamboul. All these quarters which they stare at with idle curiosity I know as I know no other town in the world; I have traversed every yard of them by day and by night, mixing familiarly, as the fancy took me, in the life of the humblest of the people. But how am I to speak of all these things with the necessary impartiality, when at every turn I am met by memories of youth and of love? How can I truly judge that which I adore?

Before beginning to write this account, I thought I would go to Constantinople once more, as a mere tourist myself this time, and take an impartial look round the town—where, alas! I have now no connections but amongst the dead; where the only visits I have to pay are to tombs.

I went from Roumania this time, in the spring of 1890, in the lovely month of May, by the old rapid route *viâ* Rustchuk, Varna, and the Black Sea. At daybreak on Monday, the 12th of May, 1890, all the passengers on board my steamer were on deck, eager not to miss the first sight of the entrance to the Bosporus, now quite a classic site much lauded of guide-books. As for me, my many memories of other journeys altogether blunted any special feeling of excitement in this arrival, and I was able to look about me with an unbiassed mind very much as did the rest of the world.

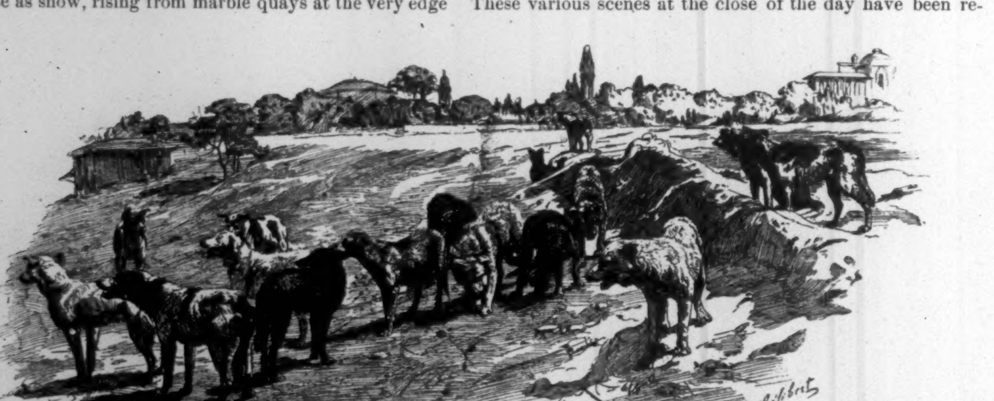
Constantinople may be said to begin here, for the shores of the long strait, alike on the European and Asiatic side, are lined with one long series of villages, kiosks, palaces, and mosques, getting closer and closer together as the town itself, at the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, is approached.

The European side is the more fashionable, and has more modern villas than the other. The Asiatic shore is more shady, and there is a greater mystery about it, with its old Turkish houses and their grated windows, its ancient minarets and Oriental-looking fountains, beneath the shade of plane-trees and cypresses.

Truth to tell, however, there are many grander sights than this, with a finer vegetation and loftier mountains. It is in minor details that the unique charm of the Bosporus consists—a charm which is very real and not at all the result of my peculiar experiences, but is felt by every one who goes to Constantinople.

Here we are at Tcheragan, Dolma-Batché, a line of palaces as white as snow, rising from marble quays at the very edge of the sea. The view is now incomparably fine, for in the early morning mists the three towns appear together, gazing as it were at one another; the amphitheatre of Scutari on the Asiatic side, with Pera on the right, tiers of houses and palaces completely covering the European shore; and in the centre, on a tongue of land projecting between Scutari and Pera, above the crowd of sailing vessels and steamers, looking proudly down on all at its feet, the stately minarets and grand domes of Stamboul.

I disembarked in idle mood at Pera, and took a room in a hotel crowded with English people, commanding a grand view of the Golden Horn, the Old Seraglio, and the distant blue sea dotted with the islands of Asia. It is one of the special charms of this part of the world that no matter in which of the three towns you are, you look down upon the other two with the sea at their feet, and you are always sure of a view beyond the foreground and above the roofs and trees of fairylike objects standing out against the sky. Nowhere else in the world is the scene spread out before the sight more varied or more extended.



THE DOGS OF STAMBOUL.

It is six o'clock on the evening of my arrival, and may I be forgiven for confessing that I have passed the day in pilgrimages to cemeteries, and visits to nooks and corners of no interest to any one but myself?

Sunset found me on the quay of Tophané, seated in the open air outside a café, which is the fashion in the Orient, watching the people pass. Tophané is a kind of epitome of other parts of the city, a point of transition where meet many thoroughfares from totally different quarters.

On fine evenings like the present half the road is encumbered with red or many-colored divans, on which recline men who are smoking and meditating. One sits there as in a vast theatre, and watches the ceaseless movement of Oriental life with the perpetual going to and fro of vessels on the Bosporus. Between the spectator and the blue depths of the sea, with the hills of Asia beyond, rises a lofty mosque, with its domes, its minarets, and galleries. It is one glow of vivid white and yellow, two characteristic Turkish colors which are used in all the comparatively modern houses of Constantinople; the greater number of the new mosques, palaces, and large houses are also party-colored, the effect being good against the blue of the distance and of the sea; forming, too, a very fine background for the crowds in variegated costumes, the red fez predominating, which are forever hurrying backwards and forwards. To the white and yellow of the public buildings must be added the crude green of the large shields with inscriptions in gold, above all the porticos, entrances, and fountains. White, yellow, and green streaked with gold are the colors of the graceful mosque opposite, and also of the neighboring kiosks—in a word, of all the Oriental buildings standing out against the deep blue of the Bosporus and the distant shore of Asia, which is already becoming intensified in the twilight.

The rows of divans in the open air gradually become filled with idlers of every race, and wearing every costume of the Levant. The busy waiters hurry about carrying microscopic cups of coffee, *raki* sweetmeats, and burning embers in little copper vessels; the grand fascinating evening lounge of the Orient begins, the *nargilehs* are lit, and their odor with that of cigarettes fills the air. On the road still left vacant all manner of carriages and foot-passengers are still passing along; well-mounted, gayly dressed military cavaliers of noble mien on their way to or from the palace of the Sultan; men with horses for hire (for which Tophané is the chief quarter) lead ready-saddled steeds by the bridle; sailors of every nationality, just landed at the end of their day's work; peddlers, ringing their little bells and shouting out, in deafening voices, their cakes, their sherbets, or their fruits.

Galata, the chief street of which ends at this crossway, is always noisy, and though a little deadened by distance, the ever-increasing roar from it reaches the dreamers lounging on the divans. Galata is the very Babel of the Levant, the haunt of women of the *demi-monde* of every nationality except Turkish, the quarter of the greatest medley of lower orders of every race, of taverns of ill fame, and, strange to say, of alcazars. All night long a clamor as of the infernal regions goes up all along the shores of the Bosporus from this quarter.

At this corner also abuts the Jenitchirché, the widest of the steep streets leading up to Pera, the Christian quarter, which is perched up far above our heads. And beneath the vines on either side of the way, in front of the succession of Turkish cafés, with their little stools and tables blocking up the path, may be seen every evening hundreds of weary porters who have toiled all day carrying up the luggage of travellers and bales of merchandise from the ships' quays and custom-houses. Glad of rest in the eventide, these sturdy fellows, who, with their broad shoulders and iron muscles, take the place of the draught-horses which are unknown in Constantinople, arrive one after the other and call for a nargileh, until quite a crowd is assembled, all dressed alike in brown frieze dashed with black and red, the vest open low at the neck, showing the brawny chests blackened with exposure to the sun. Group beyond group is seen in perspective as we look up the street from below, and the murmur of their talk is mingled with the peculiar gurgling sound of a number of nargilehs puffed together, the smoke from them gradually thickening as the night wears on. These various scenes at the close of the day have been repeated night after night without change all the years I have known Constantinople, and I can tell well exactly what is going on at the same time in all the different quarters of this vast city.

Following the wide road along the shore on the north, we come to the Sultan's quarters, with palaces closed to all comers, walled-in parks, barracks, and seraglios. Here the night brings but added tranquillity beneath the avenues of acacias now white with flower.

Above our heads, on the heights overlooking us, the cosmopolitan Pera is beginning to light up the big European-looking shops, with great windows copied from those of Paris and London, and nearly all night carriages will be driving to and fro by artificial light as in the towns of the West. Instead of evening bringing calm after the agitation of the day, that agitation is only intensified by gaslight up there. Detachments of tourists returning from their day's excursion are hastening before night falls to regain the safe haven of an English hotel, with its *table d'hôte*, in a street where they feel as if they were in Europe, and can indulge in extravagances of costume, copied, alas! by Levantines with great dark eyes, who would look so lovely in Greek, Armenian, or Jewish garments. And in this amusing medley of nationalities the Oriental note is supplied by the red fez seen here and there, and by the gangs of porters in their many-colored raiment from the streets of the more strictly Eastern lower town; whilst far below us in the distance we catch a glimpse between the commonplace many-storied houses of a bit of the dark blue Sea of Marmora, or of the coast of Asia, gradually dying away in the twilight.

But to return to our corner of Tophané. Behind and below us, beyond the hill of Pera overshadowing us, are Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish suburbs following the natural slopes of the valleys all along the Golden Horn opposite, mighty Stamboul crowning the other bank and looking down upon them. The traffic between these suburbs is mostly carried on by sea, in the light picturesque kaïks which ply until not a ray of light is left in the sky. It is strange how the vicinity of things long lost sight of calls them all back to the mind in which they have lain latent. It is some fifteen years since I lived in Constantinople, and yet I have but to sit down anywhere in the town, and at once a vision, as clear as if I had seen it but yesterday, rises up before me of the exact appearance of every other part, however far away.

First appears the distinctively Turkish suburb of Kassim Pasha, with its ancient Oriental houses, shops, and cafés sheltered beneath plane-trees, all alike on a small scale; it was one of my familiar haunts in olden times, and I was there every day. I see it now, with all its characteristic evening life. A crowd of sailors of the navy have just arrived either from the Arsenal or from some of the big black ironclads anchored opposite in the Golden Horn. Happy-hearted and laughing, they go about in groups, shaking hands here and there, and filling all the streets and squares. Instead of hats they wear the fez, and their collars are red instead of blue, otherwise they might be French or English. Women are with them, only mothers and sisters, you must know, wearing their long white, blue, or pink veils. The naval officers are there too, not too proud to smoke in the humblest of the cafés amongst the people. It is a custom quite peculiar to Turkey, this democratic mixture of ranks, pashas and beys sitting amongst poor people in the cafés, chatting with them and telling them the news, without any loss of dignity either; for the Mussulman never gets tipsy. Other suburbs succeed that of Kassim Pasha, becoming more and more like villages as the open country is neared, and beyond the last stretches a dreary, arid, pathless desert encumbered with tombs, and yet not without a certain weird charm of its own.

The Golden Horn separates all these quarters from mighty Stamboul, where a kind of religious silence falls upon everything as the darkness gathers. At the hour of twilight, the large vessels seem to become motionless upon the waters, which are swept by cool breezes, whilst the smaller craft, such as the slim kaïks, seem to become feverishly active, hastening to finish their skimming to and fro before night has completely fallen. The passengers on the kaïks are mostly Jews, of melancholy mien, in long Oriental robes, going back from the bazars to Balata, their headquarters, after the business of the day is over, with all its hard-driven bargains, its deceptions, and its thefts. I met them so often at this time in the old days on these same waters on my way from my lodgings at Eyoob. Without leaving my seat, I see them again in my imagination, and seem to hear them, after greeting each other, discussing the rates of exchange of paper, silver, and copper money. It is at the foot of Stamboul that all these Jews are gliding to and fro—Stamboul, behind which the sun has just set, its grand outlines standing out against the still yellow sky; the beautiful town that rises up before me, when I close my eyes, casting its mighty shadow upon the laden kaïks; and the Golden Horn, with its reversed reflection in the walled-in waters, as unchanging as the town itself, though generation after generation of men have gazed down upon it as the years have rolled by.

And at the end of this gulf, wedged in, so to speak, in a town beneath ancient cypresses and plane-trees, is the holy suburb of Eyoob, the heart of European Islam, buried within a kind of funereal grove enclosing vast cemeteries, and surrounded by tombs, wrapped in an awful silence, broken only now and then by the sound of chanting from some mosque. In all the kiosks of the dead, in front of lofty catafalques surmounted by turbans, the little guardian lamps are being lit; and as one goes through the long avenues, one sees them shining through the grated windows like yellow eyes gleaming in the darkness.

All Stamboul, too, is sinking to sleep almost as peacefully as in centuries gone by, whilst the uproar of the West is beginning in the quarters given up to unbelievers. Here and there in the new streets near Saint Sophia a few shops will be lighted up, and the gleam of lanterns will shine from a café, and everywhere else the huge town will be wrapped in heavy slumber and mysterious gloom. Instead of being a mere arm of the sea separating the two parts of Constantinople, the Golden Horn would seem to place an interval of two or three centuries between the noisy agitation of one side of the water and the deep sleep of the other.

As I recline upon my red divan and indulge in a dreamy reverie, I see far above the clouds of smoke from the nargilehs and the crowds strolling to and fro a crown of fire suddenly appear like a signal about the pointed spire of a minaret of Tophané. I had forgotten the Ramadan; this is the beginning of the religious illuminations of that sacred fast; yes, we are in the lunar month when the Turks turn night into day. How can I talk about the calm of Stamboul? Very soon it will be as noisy as Pera and Galata put together, and the noise will last till morning. I will go and join these strange revelries, that weird-looking crowd!

It is time to go back to the hotel to dinner. Instead of returning to Pera by the direct road, I make a sign to one of the men always waiting with ready-saddled horses, and set off to make a complete tour of the district, passing through all the tumult of Galata to go up by way of the cemetery.

Galata is the last gleam of twilight, and by the light of lanterns! My horse, a little bewildered amongst the countless passers-by in their red fezzes and fustian clothes, frisks about a good deal on the pavement. Other riders are there, bending low in the saddle, and there is a perpetual coming and going of carriages and heavy tram cars, preceded by couriers, who announce their approach by blowing trumpets. The air is heavy with the scent of alcohol, absinthe, and aniseed. The big taverns of ill repute are opened; the fronts of the large alcazars, which are draped with flags, are lit up—those in which the Italian pantomime is given, side by side with those in which Hungarian ladies interpret the repertory of Strauss. Already the crowd is thickening, the narrow path is encumbered with people sitting outside the cafés, who are jostled by the horses of the riders. A deafening

noise is going on, a confusion of every language under heaven, mixed with the sound of cymbals, bells, and big drums. I amuse myself with cantering rapidly through all this motley crowd, shouting, as of old, in a loud voice, "Bestour! Bestour!" (Look out! Look out!), which is the Turkish cry of warning, as "Balek! Balek!" is the Arab.

At the hotel up at Pera I go through the stupid triviality of a *table d'hôte* dinner. A tourist recently cast ashore by one of the Orient Express steamers condescends to ask me for a little information.

"There is nothing to do at Stamboul in the evening, is there?" he begins.

This is the stereotyped formula of all the guides at the hotels, that there is nothing to see at Stamboul in the evening, and that it is dangerous to walk about there after dark.

To give my questioner an answer suited to his capacity, I reply: "Oh no, nothing whatever at Stamboul. But here at Pera—any one will tell you the way—there are two or three delightful entertainments."

And directly dinner was over, I hired another horse and fled away. Beneath the beautiful starlit sky I went down by way of the smaller cemetery, passing through Galata, now in full fête, and leaving the noisy street, I paused at the edge of the water at the entrance to a bridge, the beginning of which alone could be seen, the rest dying away in the confusing darkness of the distance. Here all was changed as suddenly as the shifting fairylike scenes at a theatre at the sound of the signal bell. No more clouds, no more lights, no more noise. Before me is the dark silent night, wrapping about the empty stillness of the deep waters between the restless noisy quarters I have just left and another great city of fantastic appearance which rises up beyond, its minarets and domes outlined in black against the dark star-spangled sky. So lofty are the cupolas of the mosques, so exaggerated the deceptive mists about them, that they look like mountains. It is an evening of the Ramadan, when at every story of the minarets round about the festooned galleries burn crownlike circlets of fire, whilst in the vacant spaces between the stone spires pointing up into the vault of heaven appear numerous inscriptions suspended by invisible threads, and startling us like apocalyptic signs traced in the air in fire.

I am eager to be there. Deeply moved by a memory which can never be effaced, I press on, through the darkness of the apparently interminable bridge leading across this great arm of the sea, to the black city on the other side. There are few passengers, long stretches are untenanted, and the deep silence is only now and then broken by the trotting of a horse or the rumbling noise of some heavy carriage which thunders by, making all the old rafts forming the bridge tremble, together with a rattling of their ancient iron chains. Then all is still again, and the sounds from Galata, now left further and further behind, gradually become more and more indistinct. All this I note as I go along, with the noises from Stamboul increasing, the character of which is so exactly the same as in olden days that they seem but echoes out of the past recalling impressions long since apparently effaced. As I approach, the cupolas and minarets, with their crowns of fire, appear to grow loftier and loftier. . . . Now I am at their feet, I leave the shifting boats of the bridge for the stones and quagmire of a dark square overlooked by the grand mass of a mosque. I am at Stamboul!

I mean to turn my back on the new quarters about Saint Sophia and the Sublime Porte, now, alas! lighted by gas, and through which drive grand carriages, including those of the embassies, containing adventurous travellers.

It is for old Stamboul—still, God be thanked! a big place—that I am making, climbing up little streets as black and mysterious as ever, and with as many yellow dogs, rolled up like balls on the path, who growl as the unwary walker stumbles over them. May no zealous ædile ever do away with these dogs! I feel a kind of sad delight, almost amounting to intoxication, when I penetrate once more into this labyrinth, where nobody knows me now, but where I know everything and everybody, as if I had lived with them all in some previous, long-ago existence.

It is a sweet and lovely night of May. There is a certain transparency in the darkness, enabling me just to see my way, and high up above my head, as I wander about, is the light, no less dim than that of the stars, of the circles of fire above the minarets of the mosques, and of the flaming inscriptions suspended in the air. The dark narrow streets I have been following open all of a sudden into the vast square of the Seraskier, or Tower of the Venetians, which is full of light and life, of music and brilliant costumes. I merely cross this bright space, however, to plunge beyond it into the heart of the old city, the beautiful and not yet desecrated quarters of Suleimaniyeh and Sultan Selim. First, the obscurity of little gloomy streets; then a blaze of light, with crowds passing to and fro. In the cafés we hear the music of the Orient—melancholy-sounding violins sighing forth melodies which melt the very soul, shrill wind instruments wailing plaintive old airs—whilst rustic Asiatics dance together, men only, holding each other by the hands, forming long chains.

Of all the wonders which go to make up a night of the Ramadan at Stamboul this is what charmed me most. Nothing more than the passing by, about midnight, in a lonely street, of a group of women belonging to a harem. This street was very narrow, very dark, overshadowed by lofty houses with grated windows, and against a bit of star-strewn sky rose up the gigantic black minarets of the Suleimaniyeh, all diaphanous now with their series of circlets of dull fire. . . . There is a deep silence, no one in sight; but now a group arrives, a group of five or six women shod with the Turkish slippers that make no noise, blue, red, or pink phantoms, wrapped to the eyes in the silks spangled with gold, which are manufactured in Asia. Two eunuchs precede them, armed with staves and bearing grand antique lanterns. . . . They are gone, fairylike and charming; gone no one knows where, to be shut up one cannot tell in what corner of the mysterious labyrinth; and when the light of their lanterns, which made their shadows dance upon the ancient walls and pavements, has died away, the darkness seems deeper, the silence more profound.

Tuesday, May 13, 1890.—I take up my account of this second day at Stamboul at five o'clock in the afternoon, to close it before night.

At five o'clock then, turning my back to the new quarters, I go up in my kaïk towards the lower end of the Golden Horn, on my way to the suburb of Eyoob. For the benefit of those who do not know Constantinople, I may add here that kaïks are long narrow boats with a crescent-shaped bow, in which the passenger reclines, there being no seat. There are hundreds of such kaïks waiting for hire along the quays, as do the gondolas in Venice.

The Golden Horn becomes calmer as the distance from the entrance becomes greater, and the part of Stamboul along which I am now scudding gets older and older, more and more dilapidated and deserted; these are the most ancient quarters of all, and life has drifted away from them to congregate on the other shore. Never before did they seem to me so ruined, so antique, amongst the trees in which they are buried, their black roofs almost hidden beneath the fresh verdure of May; and beyond is Eyoob, touching the screen of black cypresses at the edge of the mighty funereal-looking woods.

A fresh almost cold wind is rising, as it does every evening at sunset, and the surface of the water is broken into ripples which gradually grow into small waves.

Eyoob, the holy suburb, is the one spot still left for quiet meditation and prayer. At the entrance to the exquisite avenue between the lines of tombs, I set foot upon flagstones grown green in the lapse of centuries; the path before me, dying away in the distance, looks white amongst the sacred groves encircling the turbehs or tombs—white with the same greenish-whiteness as is always assumed by very old marble in shadow, the avenue ending at the mosque into which no one may enter, and of which one can dimly make out the dome rising from beneath a clump of plane-trees and wide-spreading cypresses. This avenue is bordered on either side by kiosks of white richly sculptured marble filled with the biers of the dead, or with walls pierced with arched openings through which can be seen a vista of quaint-looking tombs, some decorated with faded gilding, standing out from the masses of green verdure and the tangle of wild grasses, roses, and bramble-bushes.

There are not many frequenters of this avenue of the dead—a few dervishes returning from prayer, a few beggars crouching at the doors of the mosque, that is generally all. This evening there are, however, three Turkish maidens from five to ten years old, very pretty little creatures in robes of shining green and red, gambolling about together. It seemed incongruous to see them playing happily amongst the marbles and beneath the funereal-looking trees. But then I had never been here before in the glorious month of May, and the fresh verdure, the flowers here, there, and everywhere, were as much out of character with the place as the three little girls. The spring did not seem to brighten the intense, the essential melancholy of the place; far from that, the tender tones of color in the sky, the bunches of roses, the jasmine draping the walls, which have for centuries, at the same season, flung their ephemeral and deceptive beauty over the time-honored tombs, do but add to the feeling of the nothingness of everything human, which is the prevailing impression left by the holy place of Eyoob.

Wednesday, May 14, 1890.—This morning, at the French Embassy, there were at least thirty of us at breakfast at a table, one blaze of yellow roses, and we were all tourists.

Formerly the crossing of the Black Sea checked the tide of travellers, but since the opening of the new line of railway terminating at the foot of the Old Seraglio, the number of idlers from Europe who swarm everywhere is truly appalling.

I cannot remember without a smile the naïve remark of our very charming hostess, the wife of the ambassador, as she glanced down her long table, "Oh, nowadays, one tourist more or less makes no difference to me." This would seem to be not very flattering to her guests, but it was said with a nameless something in the tone which made the little sentence infinitely amusing. All picked guests, present by invitation, very good company, only too many—too much like an invading corps, and not picturesque enough. That is all I have against them, and I mean no more harm than did our hostess.

On the same day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a storm of rain broke over Stamboul. The atmosphere had been charged with disturbance the whole day, and now the downpour was one steady prolonged torrent.

Leaving the Sublime Porte, I took shelter till the end of the day in the Grand Bazar, for Stamboul, following the usage of the Orient, has its bazar, which, like a town within a town, is surrounded with walls, and closes its huge gates every evening.

It was dark and gloomy enough to-day, with the storm clouds above it, and the wooden roofs, through which leaked the rain, covering all the little streets, so that it was through a kind of mist, a twilight fog, that one saw the gleam of the embroidered stuffs and the thousands of knickknacks spread out on the stalls, the antlike crowd swaying to and fro, the women all veiled in white, the men in their red caps. Heaven be praised, this bazar is still unchanged! In the old familiar nooks I still find the same dark little cafés, with the same tiles of Persian porcelain with quaint floral designs—cafés in which coffee is still served in the same ancient little cups. Here one may indulge in the same reveries as of old, gazing out through the open door at the Turkish crowd, looking fantastic in the half-light of the narrow avenues. From the depths of these shadowy retreats, as one puffs forth the light-colored tobacco, the smoke of which turns everything gray, the movement and noise outside have a phantomlike effect.

But, alas, even here there are a few attempts at European shops with glass fronts, and a few personally conducted tourists are hurried past by their brazen-faced guides, jostling each other as they go. The English tourists are the most in earnest, and, in spite of their air of taking possession of a conquered country, I prefer them to the French, who grumble at the badly paved streets and notice nothing but the few things from Paris scattered here and there, seeming to think that the old turbaned merchants crouching in niches in the background got their wares from the Louvre or the Bon Marché. And these tourists will leave after having *seen* Constantinople, proclaiming aloud the dishonesty of the Mussulman because they have been fleeced, as they deserved to be, by their guides and interpreters, who are Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Maltese, anything you like, but certainly never Turks. The Turks of the lower orders make boatmen, journeymen, or porters, but they never condescend to act as guides to visitors.

I linger about, bargaining and buying some old silver

A STAMBOUL EQUIPAGE.

knickknacks, whilst outside the daylight dies and the rain still pours down. The bazar is gradually becoming more and more deserted; business is over for the time; the shops are being shut up on either side of the ancient streets; sellers and buyers are alike leaving; the gray darkness is deepening in the vast labyrinth; and when night falls, the bazar will be merely a black desert.

I must certainly be going too. I mount my wretched hired hack, all dripping wet, that has been waiting for me at one of the entrances of the bazar, and wend my way towards Pera.

The rain has ceased, but the sky is still gray, and the roofs are gleaming with rain. As I go down through the narrow streets to the Golden Horn, my horse splashes through rivulets of mud and water. The town has suddenly assumed quite a wintry aspect—an aspect, by-the-way, which is specially familiar to me, and which appeals to me in a peculiar manner. It is now that recollections personal to myself crowd upon me. Stamboul is ugly and sad-looking now, but I love it better than ever. Oh, how full of regrets for the past is my heart as I ride slowly along! In spite of the drippings from the roofs, how vividly the past rises up on this damp, almost cold, rainy evening!

Arrived at the hotel, I slowly proceeded to my room, regardless of my soaked garments, to find there a message from his Excellency the Grand Vizier, informing me that his Majesty the Sultan did me the honor of inviting me to go that evening to the Palace of Yildiz to see the illuminations of the Kadir-Guidjeci. A *cavasse*, he informed me, and a carriage would come for me at eight o'clock.

This Yildiz Palace is a long way off, almost in the country on the other side of the Golden Horn, opposite to Stamboul, on which we turned our backs in our hurried drive. The Bosporus, of which we caught a glimpse now and then, and Scutari beyond it, are alike illuminated, as is the shore on the European side; in fact, the whole scene, far as the eye could reach in every direction, was most fairylike.

Before us, hurrying in the opposite direction, we could see a crowd of people, a mass of human beings rushing furiously along, with half-naked men on horses, galloping and shouting, the ominous order, "Vaugun-vâr!" reaching me from the distance.

Fire! Fire! An alarm of fire—a common thing in this city of wooden houses. A whole quarter is burning down there. The sky above is one glow of red, adding to the fête an impromptu illumination. Those lumbering objects dragged so rapidly along are pumps fastened to wild-looking men, running as fast as their legs can carry them. They catch hold of my carriage; screams and gesticulations follow; but recognizing the cavasse of the palace, they draw back, and we proceed.

Now we pass through rows of suburbs—wide, straight, and almost empty—where we can ride rapidly along. At last we see before us a blaze of green and white light, not this time from a fire, but from Bengal-lamps. We are nearing the gardens of Yildiz. We cross the barriers, and a sudden silence falls; no more noise, no more crowds. We gallop through empty, quiet alleys brilliantly illuminated, and bordered on either side by myriads of lights, forming garlands and festoons. Nothing but white light here—white globes gleaming through the green verdure—whilst above, the sky is everywhere dotted with the blue or red stars of rockets, which burst in a shower of many-colored fire.

We ascend the slopes of the avenues, still untenanted, but gradually growing lighter with a gleaming white light, contrasting with the red glow on the horizon from the conflagration going on in the city.

We pass through another grated gate. Battalions of cavalry and infantry, forming a closely packed hedge, bar our passage, all bearing torches or lanterns as if for a torch-light procession. There, too, are hundreds of officers, most of

STAMBOUL.

them wearing the Oriental dolman with flowing sleeves. Oh, what an imposing and picturesque-looking army they are! These thousands of motionless warriors seemed absorbed in religious meditation in the clear dazzling white light beneath, the rain of ever-changing colors from the fireworks bursting in the sky above.

The cavasse who is escorting me has the password, and the ranks open to let us through. He takes me to a pavilion of the palace on the first story, completely deserted, but the rooms of which are marvellously lit up by the combined light of the lamps inside and the illuminations without, which can be clearly seen from the great windows, now thrown wide open. The woodwork and the furniture are alike white and gold—all is luminous and bright. There is something, I know not what, peculiar in the intense silence of the mass of men under arms, scarcely breathing in the dread presence of their sovereign. And now exquisite sacred music is heard from without, a choir of men's voices, fresh and limpid, chanting psalms in high-pitched voices, producing a supernatural, or, if I may coin a word, an extra-terrestrial effect.

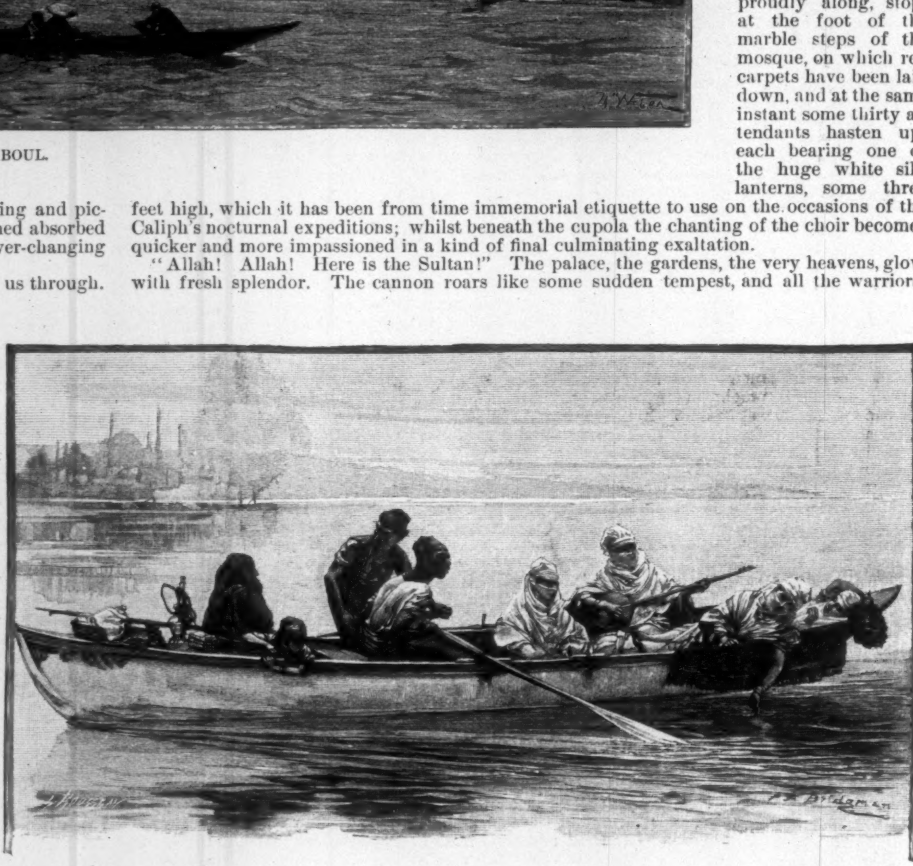
An aide-de-camp receives me at the entrance to the pavilion; the Sultan, he tells me, is still in the imperial mosque, whence issue the beautiful melodies I hear. But the prayers are nearly over, and if I go to a window, I shall soon see his Majesty come out.

Some fifty paces from me, a little below the window at which I stand, I can see this mosque. It is of fresh and gleaming whiteness, richly decorated with arabesques in the style of the Alhambra. Illuminated from within and from without, it is as transparent as a thin piece of alabaster, and the music issuing from it gives it something of unreality; it looks like the centre piece of the huge artificial fire burning everywhere to-night. Round about its strangely luminous dome are the avenues and gardens with their myriad lamps through which I had passed on my way hither. Bengal-fires render confused the outlines of the distance, which are already somewhat indistinct from the height at which I stand. A gigantic transparency, hung, one knows not how, in mid-air, bears an Arab inscription, standing out in gleaming characters against a background of night, and in the midst of the dazzling and confusing phantasmagoria around it is impossible to form any idea of the distance of this aerial apparition; it seems to preside over the whole fête, the whole sea of lights giving to it its distinctly Mussulman, its religious, character. And far away in the unmistakable distance, on a vague stretch of black sea, which must be the Bosporus, gleam other brilliant objects of a form peculiar to themselves; these are the vessels at anchor, illuminated from stem to stern, from deck to mast-head.

Immediately below me stands the superb army, still wrapt in silent motionless meditation, following in spirit the prayers being chanted in the luminous mosque opposite. It would seem as if the very soul of Islam were concentrated for the moment in the pure white sanctuary. Oh, those chants which vibrate beneath that cupola, monotonous as the incantations of magic, and so rarely, so exquisitely sonorous, are they sung by the voices of children or of angels? One scarcely knows. There is something eminently Oriental about this music, in which the high notes are long sustained, as on the hautboy, with unvarying freshness and without any appearance of fatigue; it is one long, long chant, ever taken up anew, very sweet, very touching, and yet expressing with infinite sadness the nothingness of human life, producing something of the giddiness felt on looking into a deep abyss from a great height.

But the Sultan is coming out, and a thrill of expectation passes through the waiting troops. A landau, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, rearing in their harness as they dash proudly along, stops at the foot of the marble steps of the mosque, on which red carpets have been laid down, and at the same instant some thirty attendants hasten up, each bearing one of the huge white silk lanterns, some three feet high, which it has been from time immemorial etiquette to use on the occasions of the Caliph's nocturnal expeditions; whilst beneath the cupola the chanting of the choir becomes quicker and more impassioned in a kind of final culminating exaltation.

"Allah! Allah! Here is the Sultan!" The palace, the gardens, the very heavens, glow with fresh splendor. The cannon roars like some sudden tempest, and all the warriors,



A KAÏK ON THE BOSPORUS.

bending to the ground, shout with one voice—one long, deep, resounding voice—"Allah! Allah!"

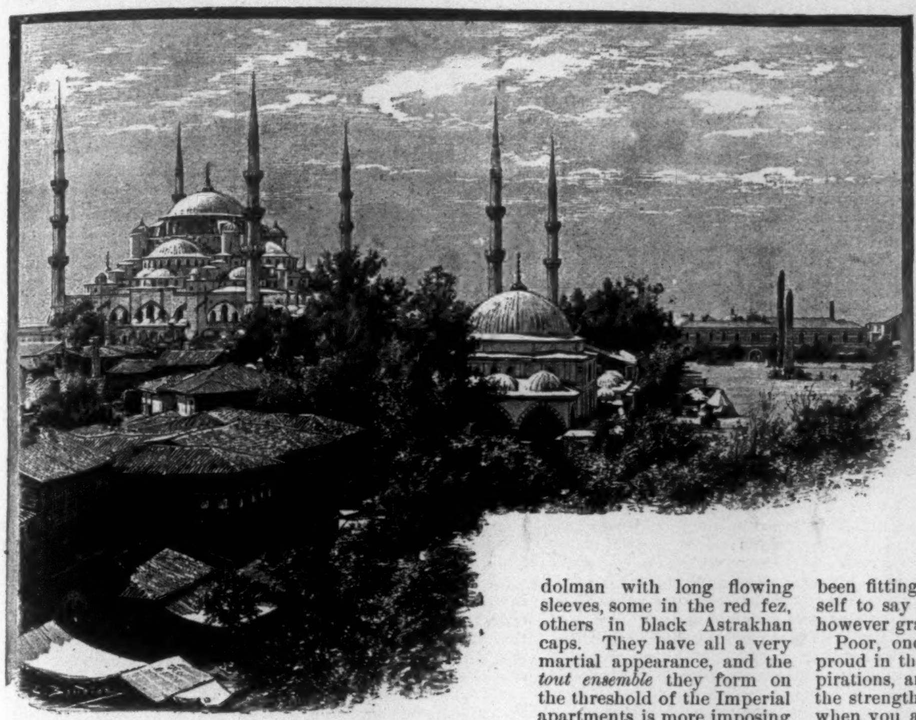
The landau bearing the Sultan is drawn at full gallop across the few yards between the mosque and the palace gates; behind it dash other magnificent equipages, the horses all at highest speed, bringing the veiled princesses, who have also been to prayer; the attendants run wildly alongside, swinging their great white lanterns, the troops close up behind with a clashing of weapons. It is over!

Following an aide-de-camp, I am led through the apartments with walls and pillars of tender tones of color slightly dashed with gold. This palace of Yildiz is remarkable for great sobriety of ornamentation and absence of luxury; the sovereign who owns on the Bosporus a series of fairylike palaces on sites of incomparable beauty prefers for work and rest the comparative simplicity of this residence, which he himself caused to be built in the midst of a shady park.

Here I am at last in a kind of vast antechamber to the court itself—simple enough too, its only luxury consisting in magnificent carpets deadening the sound of footsteps. This evening it is crowded with generals, aides-de-camp of every branch of the service in full uniform, some wearing the long straight tunic, others the Oriental

ST. SOPHIA.

TURKISH WOMAN AND CHILD IN A CEMETERY.



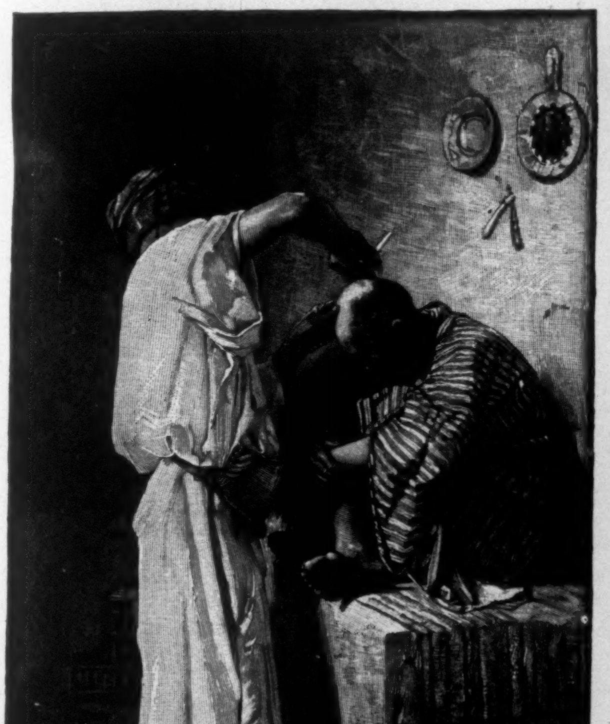
THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

dolman with long flowing sleeves, some in the red fez, others in black Astrakhan caps. They have all a very martial appearance, and the *tout ensemble* they form on the threshold of the Imperial apartments is more imposing than all the Oriental magnificence. Amongst them I note the heroic figure of Osman, the Ghazi, the grand defender of Plevna. All stand, all speak in whispers; it would seem that the sovereign is very near.

And, in fact, in a little side room, to which I am conducted by the grand master of ceremonies, his Majesty the Sultan is seated alone on a sofa. He wears the uniform of a general, over which is a military cloak of brown cloth; there is nothing in his costume to distinguish him from any of the officers of his army.

It was a very long time since I had had the honor of seeing his Majesty, and as I bent in the prescribed court salutation, I suddenly remembered, with a touch of melancholy, a previous unpremeditated interview, of which the sovereign had evidently not the slightest recollection.

It was fifteen years ago, on the Bosporus, on the morning of his accession to the throne—one of those brilliant sunshiny mornings which always seem brighter to our memories than any of those of the present time. The grand imperial kaïks, with golden prows, had come



A TURKISH BARBER.

to fetch the sovereign to the point of the Old Seraglio, to conduct him to the palace of Dolma-Batché. It was very early, and there was no crowd on the sea, nor any guard about the imperial vessel, and my kaïk, on which I was scudding along without knowing whom I was near, ran against that of the Sultan-elect through the clumsiness of my boatmen. The young prince, who was a few hours later to become supreme Caliph, came forward and looked at me with dark unseeing eyes, full of absorbed thought, as he pondered anxiously on all that the future held for him.

Alas! the future of that day has become the past of the present, and the image called up before my mind of that meeting made me suddenly realize what a gulf of time, gone beyond recall, lay between that sunny morning and the prime of youth alike for me and for the Sultan!

His Majesty's reception of his guests is always marked by extreme benevolence, simple dignity, and natural grace. I shall never forget the few minutes of that evening, when I had the honor of talking with the Sultan in the almost strange calm of the little soberly furnished room, but the threshold of which was so gloriously guarded by military chiefs talking in hushed voices, and from the windows of which could be seen the distant tumultuous life of the great city in fête, beneath a sky bright with artificial light, and glowing with the red reflection of a devastating fire.

AT THE DOOR OF THE HAREM.

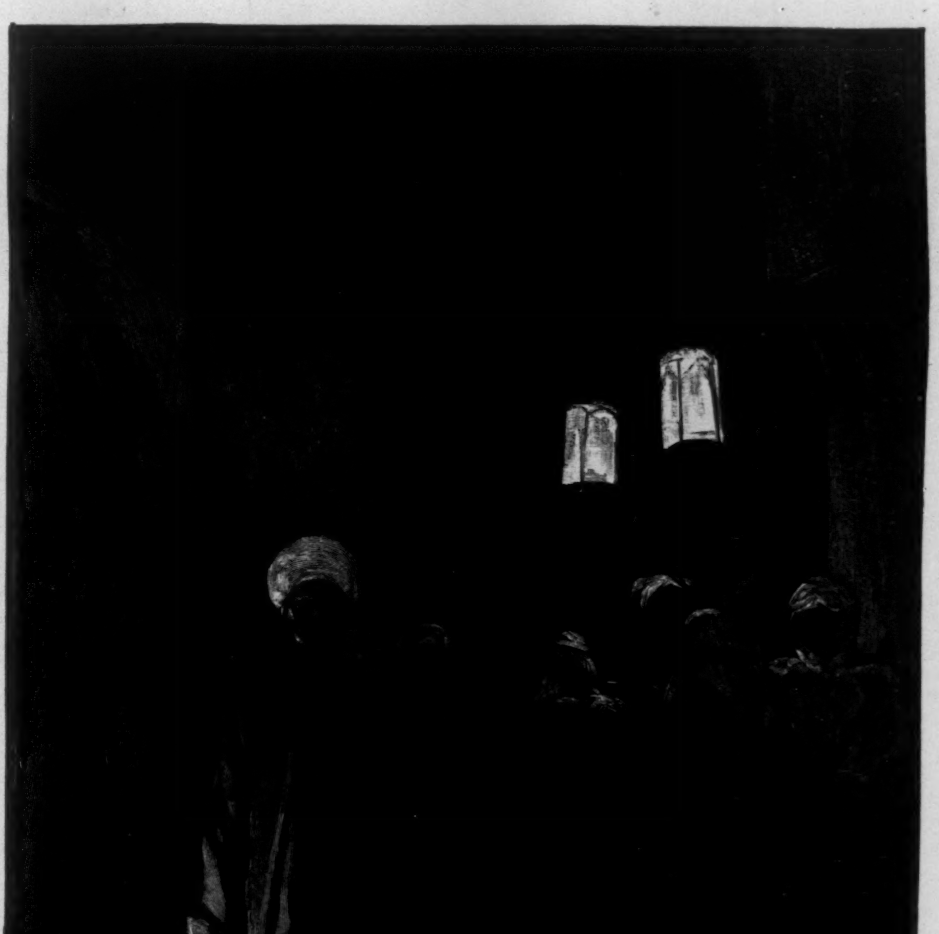
Secure of being understood, and excused with the usual charming courtesy of the Caliph, I ventured to express my great and melancholy regret at the gradual disappearance of the ancient element in Stamboul, and of the transformation of that mighty city.

I paused there, limiting my plaint to that of a lover of the picturesque. What I should have liked to add, it would not have been fitting for a passing visitor like myself to say in a chat with the sovereign, however gracious that sovereign might be.

Poor, once mighty, Turkey, so justly proud in the days when faith, sublime aspirations, and personal courage made up the strength of nations, where will you be when you are drawn into the idle vortex of modern thought, a prey to countless petty practical utilitarian motives, on which you would have looked down with disdain not so very long ago? How will it be with you when your sons have lost the old beliefs which made them what they were?

Whilst expressing my profound affection for the brave people over whom he reigned, I was greatly tempted to allow a little of my profound anxiety to appear, and to try and find out whether the Caliph, whose vision perhaps was clearer than mine, could distinguish anything of the dawn of a brighter future beyond the transitional time through which his country is passing.

Thursday, May 15, 1890.—It is early morning, and all is fresh and pure. I wake, not



"NOTHING MORE THAN... A GROUP OF WOMEN BELONGING TO A HAREM."

in my hired lodging at Pera, but in the heart of Stamboul, in one of the little inns where one sleeps on a white mattress on the ground.

I left the imperial palace very late the previous evening, and having quickly changed my court clothes at the hotel as I went by, I came over here to the other side of the Golden Horn to see a little more of the nocturnal fête in the streets. Then, when the last fires of the Ramadam were dying out upon the minarets, I went into the first lodging I came to to get a little sleep.

No clock strikes at night in this part of Stamboul, and I was a little uneasy about the time, as an aide-de-camp of his Majesty was to fetch me from my official quarters to take me to see the treasures of the Sultans.

Outside the door of the inn all was delightfully fresh, making the mere act of breathing a delight—almost an intoxication. The narrow ancient streets were quite untenanted, but seemed radiant with youth and beauty in the bright early and apparently never-fading sunshine. Truly the purity of an Oriental May is of rare charm; the freshness of the air and light revives as nothing else can.

Going down towards the Golden Horn, I come to the old square shaded by time-honored plane-trees, overlooked on one side by the lofty gray mass of the Valideh mosque, with its minarets and arabesques, whilst the other three-quarters are occupied by ivy-clad arbors, little cafés, and little barber shops, or shops where Turkish slippers are sold—all very ancient and Oriental, looking exactly as they might at Ispahan or Bagdad.

In this square, still more in the adjacent streets, it is very lovely on this early May morning. The rising sun touches with gold the mosque, and the fresh green of the plane-trees, and there is a white mist hanging about which might be the virginal veil of the young morning. The little Turkish cafés are beginning to open, and two or three countrymen are already being shaved in the open air beneath the trees.

It is evidently still very early, and I have time to linger a little before returning to Pera. I sit down beneath the vine-clad trellis-work and call for a cup of coffee, with some of the nice little hot bonbons which are sold to the peasants on their way to their work, and which I enjoy better than the daintiest breakfast. I seem myself to imbibe something of the renewed youth which is touching with beauty all the ancient things around.

About two hours afterwards, that is to say, a little before eight o'clock, I have donned a very different costume, and a carriage takes me back to Stamboul in the company of an aide-de-camp of his Majesty, and in a solemn-looking deserted quarter, with the grass growing between the stones, our coachman draws up in front of a formidable *enceinte*, reminding one of a mediæval fortress.

These walls enclose an absolutely unique little corner of the earth, the furthest point of eastern Europe, a promontory jutting out towards the neighboring continent of Asia, and which, moreover, was for many centuries the residence of the Caliphs, in which they were surrounded by incomparable splendor and luxury. With the holy suburb of Eyoob, it embodies all that is most lovely, most exquisite, in Constantinople. In a word, it is the Old Seraglio—a name which calls up a whole world of dreams and visions.

A little gate is opened for us in the outer walls, and as soon as we have passed the *enceinte* a sudden revelation of beauty bursts upon us; the dead past lives again, and wraps us about with its shroud.

All is at first silence and shade; empty desolate courts, where grass is growing between the disused flag-stones, overshadowed by great trees centuries old, contemporaries of the mighty Sultans of other days; black cypresses as lofty as towers, plane-trees which have assumed weird forms, all distorted as they are with age, are still upheld merely by huge fragments of bark, and stoop forward like old men.

Then come the galleries; colonnades in the antique Turkish style; the verandas, still retaining their quaint frescoes, in which the Sultan deigned to receive the ambassadors of Europe. And this spot fortunately is not opened to profane visitors, it is not yet haunted by idle tourists; and behind its lofty walls it retains a mysterious peace, it is still stamped with the impress of by-gone glories.

Crossing the first courts, we leave on the right impenetrably closed gardens, from which emerge, amongst groves of cypress, ancient kiosks with closed windows, the residences of imperial widows, of aged princesses, who are to end their days in a secluded retreat on one of the most beautiful sites in the whole world.

It is one blaze of sunshine here, everything is gleaming in the Orient light; we are now at the end of the walled-in space, we are at the extreme point of the Old Seraglio, and also of Europe. This advanced guard of the West is a very lofty, very white, very solitary promenade, overlooking the blue distances of the sea and of Asia. The bright morning sunshine floods the widespreading scene, in which towns, islets, and mountains stand out in tender tones above the motionless sheet of water known as the Sea of Marmora.

All round about us are ancient white buildings, which contain all the rarest, the most valuable treasures of Turkey—first the kiosk, closed even to the faithful, in which the mantle of the Prophet is preserved in a case studded with precious stones; then the kiosk of Bagdad, lined with Persian porcelains, now of priceless value, in which the branches of the red flowers represented were made of coral liquefied and used as a paint by a process now lost; then the imperial Treasury, also of gleaming whiteness, with grated windows like those of a prison, the iron gates of which will presently be opened to allow me to enter.

And lastly, an inhabited palace, ruled by strictest etiquette, into which we are admitted, and where we are allowed to sit down. White marble steps lead up to the apartments on the ground-floor, which seem to have been furnished about the middle of last century in the then prevalent European taste. They are in the Louis XV. style, but modified by an indescribable something of Oriental quaintness, which gives them a charm all their own; white and gold wainscots, old-fashioned cerise or lilac brocades, with white flowers, the light colors all further toned down by age. Plenty of space, plenty of air, plenty of light—a symmetrical tranquillity everywhere, giving one a sense of abandonment and immobility.

And from this sumptuous solitude, seated on sofas of a delicate faded rose-color, at the wide open windows, we have spread out before us from this, the last promontory of Europe, the view which delighted the Sultans of yore. On the left, far down beneath our feet, is spread out the Bosporus, dotted with ships and kaïks, whilst from its shores rise the new imperial palaces of Dolma-Batché and Tcheragan, with a whole series of stately-looking older buildings and mosques, their inverted images forming a gleaming line in the waters below them. Opposite lies Asia, still blue with the mists of early morning; there is Scutari, with its domes and minarets, its vast cemetery, its gloomy cypress forests. On the right are the wide-stretching distances of the Sea of Marmora, on which we can make out steamboats going to and fro, dimly outlined on the diaphanous blue—gray objects with trails of white smoke.

Truly well chosen is the site of this stronghold, built as it is on two great continents of the world, and dominating Turkey, lying at its feet. And how great is the peace, how great the melancholy splendor of its complete isolation, far away from the turmoil of modern life, in the absolute silence of abandonment, beneath the clear, yet in a sense, the dreary sunshine!

When the guardian of the treasures, an old man with a white beard, prepared to open the iron gate with his great keys, twenty sworn-in subordinates, ten on the right and ten on the left, formed, in accordance with invariable etiquette, two hedges, with a lane between, guarding the approach.

We passed between the double file, and entered the rooms, which were rather dark, followed by the ten keepers.

No cave of Ali Baba ever contained such riches! For eight centuries matchless precious stones and priceless marvels of art have been hoarded up here. When our eyes, still dazzled with the outside sunshine, became accustomed to the obscurity, the diamonds began to scintillate on every side. A profusion of objects of unknown age and of inestimable value are classed according to species in different stories. Here are weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mohammed, weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones; collections of golden chests of every size and every style, some covered with rubies, others with diamonds or sapphires, some actually cut out of a single great emerald resembling an ostrich's egg; coffee services, flagons, and ewers of antique forms of exquisite beauty. Fairylike tissues, saddles, harness, saddle-cloths embroidered with silver and gold, and bordered with flowers in precious stones; great chairs of state made to sit cross-legged on, some one blaze of rubies and pearls, giving the whole a pinkish hue, others again completely covered with emeralds, and shining with a green light like the ripples of sea-water.

In the last room, behind glass, a motionless and terrible-looking company awaits us; twenty-eight puppets of the size of life, standing erect in military style in a long row shoulder to shoulder. They all wear the lofty pear-shaped turban, which has been out of use for more than a century, and is now only seen on the catafalques of great defunct dignitaries, in the half-light of funereal kiosks or turbehs, or carved on tombs; in fact, this form of turban is always associated in my mind with death. Until the beginning of this century, whenever a Sultan died, a puppet dressed in the monarch's robes of state was brought to the Treasury, wearing wonderful weapons in its sash, and on its head a grand turban with a magnificent aigrette of jewels. And here this puppet was to remain forever, covered with wealth lost for all eternity to mankind. The twenty-eight Sultans who succeeded each other between the taking of Constantinople and the end of the eighteenth century has each his dummy here, standing erect in court costume; slowly the solemn, richly dressed party has increased in numbers, the new funereal figures arriving one by one to take their places in the long line of ancient Sultans, who have waited for them for hundreds of years, sure of their coming sooner or later. They touch shoulders now, all these phantoms of those who reigned at wide intervals of each other, brought together by death in the same dreary non-existence.

Their long robes are made of wonderful brocades, embroidered with mysterious designs in colors dulled by age; priceless daggers, the hilts made of a single precious stone, are rusting in spite of all care in the silk sashes, and it seems as if the lustre of the great diamonds of the aigrettes in the turbans was dimmed with age, for they gleam with a yellow and exhausted kind of light.

And this extraordinary luxury, sprinkled with the dust of ages, is most melancholy to contemplate. Of fabulous magnificence, these figures in their lofty turbans, the object of the covetousness of so many human creatures, guarded so zealously behind double iron doors, alike useless and dangerous, see seasons, years, reigns, and centuries pass by, revolutions accomplished, in the same immobility, the same silence; scarcely lighted even in the daytime behind the ancient grated windows, and in total obscurity as soon as the sun sets. Each one bears his name, now but an empty sound, but once illustrious and terrible. Murad the Conqueror, Soliman the Magnificent, Mohammed, and Mahmud. I think these figures gave me a more awful sense of the fragility and nothingness of human life than anything I ever saw.

At the "water-gate" of the Old Seraglio a large imperial kaïk, or light skiff with eight pairs of oars, awaited us, and we went down into it to stretch ourselves out upon its cushions, as is the fashion in Turkey, where one glides along in a half-reclining position with the eyes on a level with the water.

The rowers all wear the traditional shirt of white silk gauze, open at the brawny chest blackened by the sun; and impassible of mien, they look as if they were cast in bronze, with teeth made of porcelain.

The Bosporus is as calm as a mirror beneath the glowing sky. We give a wide berth to the steamboats with their smoke, and to everything which disfigures and sullies the purity of the sea.

At two or three places, such as Dolma-Batché on the European shore, and Belerbey on that of Asia, we touch at quays of spotless marble in front of solitary palaces with white and gilded gratings. The snowy whiteness of these palaces of the Sultan rising from beside the blue waters is what gives them their unique charm.

Within the inhabited palaces, the guardians of which open the gates to us, we find much magnificence: forests of pillars of all manner of colors, masses of tall candelabra and chandeliers, ceilings richly arabesqued in the Oriental style, brocades with looking-glass spangles, and silks from Broussa; but not a human creature in any of these grand apartments, in the midst of all this fresh and luxurious decoration kept up with so much care. The Sultan and his court come to these palaces no more.

It was about noon when we returned to the palace of Yildiz after this rapid visit to the imperial palaces.

At Yildiz all is extremely quiet, absolute silence and calm prevailing. The fast of the Ramadan is not yet over, the time for retreat and prayer, and in the house of his Majesty the Sultan more than anywhere else the fast is rigorously maintained—a fast which must not be broken until after sunset. For me alone, not bound by the Mohammedan law, a breakfast is served; but I feel very much embarrassed at sitting down to table in this palace where nobody eats, and for the first time in my life I felt that eating breakfast is an impropriety—a gross Western custom.

Moreover, I have something much better to do. On the gilded leaves of a writing pad, brought to me by an interpreter, I am permitted to write down a few of my thoughts to be transmitted to the Sultan, whose presence, though he is invisible to-day, can be felt. And I am full of admiration for his Majesty, who in the midst of the thousand absorbing occupations of the owner of a throne, is yet ignorant of nothing that is being done in literature or in art.

Through the open windows floats the light in a silence that may be felt; the May sunbeams scintillate upon the white walls and the light brocades of the furniture. In the foreground we see gardens bright with flowers, whilst far away in the distance are the charming vistas of the sea and of Asia, which are commanded from every point of the terrace-built city—the projecting balcony of Europe.

Close at hand, too, is the imperial mosque, with its perforated dome. And whilst smoking the most dainty cigarettes, I chat about the sacred chants of yesterday with his Excellency the Grand Vizier, who, when he chooses, can be as courteous and as refined as the most polished Frenchman.

"Come to the window," he said, "and listen to the incomparable voice which will presently chant a prayer."

And in the midst of the tranquil silence a voice suddenly rang out, a gloriously sonorous voice, combining the clearness of a hautboy with the celestial purity of a church organ, yet with a peculiar aloofness of its own as of a voice heard in a dream. This rare voice suddenly flung forth to the four quarters of the blue heaven the Mussulman prayer. Then once more my whole being was thrilled to the depths with an intense realization of the very spirit of Islam; and in this gay, bright room, which might be that of some French château, I felt once more what I had partially lost for a time, that deep melancholy impression, alike soothing and agonizing, which, deeply real as it is to me, I have never been able to define.

More beautiful than the priceless voice now vibrating with youthful power, but which to-morrow will pass away, is the all but immortal chant which has gone up for centuries five times a day from the towns and villages of Turkey. It symbolizes a whole region, a whole dignified, restful mysticism. It is the embodiment of that aspiration, that appeal to the Most High, which our brothers of the Orient have known better how to guard than we of the West our consolatory beliefs. Walking onwards with eyes closed to the whirlpool of dust about them, the followers of the Prophet sleep in peace in the midst of their magnificent delusions. As long as the sound that prayer is followed by the prostration of the faithful around the mosques, so long will Turkey retain her noble soldiers indifferent to death.

Pierre Loti

GET-AWAY NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS.

THE circus of to-day, particularly as we see it at the Barnum & Bailey Show, is as far from the old-time ring shows of our school days as the two poles are apart. Some of the features remain—notably, it seems to me, "peanuts"; without this strictly "circus" article of refreshment no circus need apply for the suffrages of our people. Then there is the "lemonade man"; the lemon is only photographed on the water, like the beautiful lady in the "optical delusion" across the way—"now you see it, and now you don't." I asked the keeper the other night what they did with the giraffe's neck going through tunnels or "low bridges." He replied, they had his neck trained for such emergencies. At this moment word was passed all along the basement of the Madison Square Garden building to shut up all the cages. It was "get-away night at the circus." Just at this point the giraffe looked out over the top of his cage, somewhere near the ceiling; another second the hood was drawn over the hole in the roof, and Mr. Giraffe felt that civilization with turnips and carrots in New York was a far inferior life to freedom in the Soudan under the Mahdi and his followers. With an organization like this Barnum & Bailey Show, there must necessarily be discipline of the highest order. Small wonder, then, that the graceful "houris" in multicolored costumes, together with all the Moors of Granada, King Boabdil, El Chico, and his bearded horsemen in burnoose, were out of the building and on their way to Brooklyn an hour after the last act took place in the arena. Behind that drop representing Barcelona in 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella took a hop, skip, and a jump from the imposing heights of their triumphal car and hied themselves to their dressing-rooms, to reappear shortly as plain Mary and John, ready for sandwiches and Gambrinus. Trained cats, the sheep, and the dog that walks all around the ring on his rear legs—all made their parting bows before the New York public, to reappear next circus season as the great, the only, and most imposing demonstration of trained beasts of the air and field on earth. This is circus English, and you must not look for it in Murray. Among other attractions, the language of the programmes is one of the most amusing.

The little lady who rides bareback in the ring, jumps over the cloths and through the paper hoops, and wears a cast-iron smile specially prepared for the ring, is a frail little woman in every-day life, and looks more like the wife of a well-to-do tradesman than a glittering creature fit for daring equestrian deeds in the show ring. As she comes down stairs, and makes her exit pell-mell with the ballet, no doubt she is glad to-morrow is Sunday, and a day of rest, and she need not smile at all, but look sad and cry even, like any other ordinary human being, and think neither of the sawdust nor the tan-bark nor the clowns who grin at her as she flies through the hoops. I cannot conceive any harder work than to "go on" and "do a turn," and to smile sweetly at six thousand people twice a day. It is enough to make any one lachrymose behind the scenes for life. As I stood close by the door, the lady trapezist and her male partner in aerial gymnastics had just made their exit; that same "circus smile" had just evanesced from their lips, and as they separated towards their respective sides of the house, both were panting for breath, and lines of relaxation marked their faces. It reminded me of the leading lady in a five-act melodrama, who, having died a harrowing death, accepts a "curtain call," and smiles while doing so, and in common with a numerous part of the audience, is glad it is over, and she is dead for the night.

And then the procession of the animals began. The elephants, llamas, donkeys, ponies, Arabian horses, and all the animals in their cages started almost simultaneously for the City of Churches. In the arena the glories of the Roman games were being revived in the chariot-races, and no doubt the drivers were glad it was "get-away night," and they need not risk their necks "swinging" those corners of the arena until next season. When the final contest has been decided, the work of dismantlement ensues at once—platforms are torn up, ground cloths rolled, the three rings are divided into as many sections, guy-ropes are down from aloft, the trapeze nets and tackle fall with a crash to the ground. A hundred men scurry hither and thither, seemingly so well drilled in their duties that there is no clash, no wrangling; everybody works with the precision and surety of a body of regulars. The throng of people wonder and marvel at all, and involuntarily many minds wander to their own first experiences of the circus, with one ring and perhaps one clown—but a real clown—perhaps a trick donkey, a bearded lady, the giants, and tattooed man, to say nothing of the lady snake-charmer and the living skeleton, or the man who prefers eating beer bottles to drinking the beer. All these freaks are missing in the modern circus, and one misses them on the "get-away night."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

PURPOSE.

THE uses of sorrow I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Than the sated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.

So better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE WILLARD CAST COLLECTION.

THE additions recently made in the section of architectural models and casts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art form the richest part of the collection. With such other additional reproductions as were first shown in order on May 2d, the work of the last six months is to be recorded as a great advance in the gradual installation of this new source of artistic enlightenment. So nearly is the plan of this series carried out, that the entire final arrangement issuing from the Willard bequest may be easily anticipated.

The collection now measures five-sixths of the proposed magnitude as estimated on the scale of money value. If the committee decide to add a model of the magnificent doorway of Chartres Cathedral, now in consideration, the expenditure for this costly reproduction, with its numerous sculptures, will absorb the remainder of the trust fund in their hands. This gallery of architecture has received all the objects purchased on the list, excepting only, with a few additional casts, a small model of the portico of the Cathedral of St. Trophime, at Arles, selected as a type of endless interest in the review of twelfth-century sculptured ornament.

If the belief is not illusory that is held by the trustees of the museum and shared by many European archæologists, "the ideal museum of reproductions" will exist in full form and substance when the proposed supplementary series of casts of sculpture is united with the Willard and Marquand collections. With the use of the tentative lists prepared with eminent ability a few months ago, a limited number of actual purchases has been made in this new series. To its formation $100,000, and probably more, will be devoted. By this liberal means a collection will be obtained that may be coupled equally with that now nearly completed as a comprehensive illustration of historic architecture. The comparative study of older museums, in their experience of accumulation, has led to firm ground on which to stand in getting together this vast collection. The essential conditions through which perfect unity in the character of the collection in all relations is to be effected are uncommonly fortunate. In making the different selections for this series, the place of each in the arrangement is in view as primarily determined by its significance in the historical connection. In every feature the collection to be received in the new wing now being erected is planned with extraordinary scientific precision. A more satisfactory general collection than has yet been brought together in any part of the world is the result everywhere fairly expected from this effort.

The earlier division gathered from all the European art centres, and now largely in view, is distinguished by its characteristics on several lines. This offers to begin with a comparatively extensive survey of the development of architecture as illustrated in the best products of different styles, a familiarity with which is important in the training of taste. It is exceeded in range by only the corresponding illustrations to be studied in the Trocadéro and the Berlin Museum, with possibly one or two other galleries. The arrangement of the collection is equally satisfactory for purposes of study and as an effective general composition.

In the chronological system that prevails in the grouping the history of art is illustrated in one great epoch after another, with only such variations in the line of historical sequence developed in the circuit of the gallery as may be necessary to maintain symmetry in the profile of the collection while yet incomplete.

A finer distinction than could be derived from any other form of copies from architecture, in whatever extent shown, is gained by this gallery in its series of large models of perfect artistic execution. It was the stated desire of the donor of this collection that a feature of it should consist of reproductions of this class in remarkable size and completeness. This has been carried out in spirit as in letter by the committee. The wisdom of the idea is strikingly attested in the successful issue of standards and principles of taste being presented in this form for public study. By the exceedingly fine treatment of these exponents they are rendered even more worthy of attention.

First in order in this series is the model of the central portion of the Hypostyle Hall of the Great Temple at Karnak, seen on the right from the entrance—a splendid initial for the chapter opened in this direction. The reproduction in this form of a hall that, as a construction, is the most beautiful that exists in Egypt is the more desirable on account of the devastations going on in recent years which cannot be effectually arrested. The successive ruins have rendered this one of the most difficult of examples in which to discover primitive traces of character.

In the model of this edifice, pre-eminent in immensity, the architectural restoration is by M. Chipiez; and that of the complex system of hieroglyphs, with their unbounded historical interest, by Maspero, the scheme of coloring—chiefly effaced in the structures—being based on studies of mummy relics.

The Parthenon model, made on the one-twentieth scale, under the direction of Charles Chipiez, is executed by M. Jolly with marvellous art. It shows all the sculptured and other decorations in their order, and in polychromatic exactness, according to accepted theories. A soft brilliancy of effect is imparted with this coloring, heightened by the gilded acroteria and the glitter of shields among the sculptured groups. The restoration of a corner of the Parthenon in the original size, and after the drawings of Penrose, has been completed at the museum, and given its place on the east-end tympanum of the main hall as a companion piece with the capital and entablature of the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, which is already exhibited. With two capitals, three metopes, etc., this Parthenon piece, showing the entire depth of the architrave, includes the group of Hyperion and his horses of the pedimental sculptures. Thus this matchless product of the age of Pheidias will be variously illustrated, with this addition of the newer forms to the Marquand series of Parthenon sculpture reproductions.

The model of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, one-tenth of the original size, that was previously added to the collection, is now supplemented by a full-size restoration of this beautiful little votive structure. A very complete study of this example of the best Athenian epoch remaining at the eastern end of the Akropolis is given in the new copy of the edifice, one half of which is formed as a cast, while the other half is a restoration.

The Pantheon at Rome—conceded to be as exquisitely Greek in its ornamentation as grandly Roman in its construction—is reproduced at a cost of $10,000 in a model of superb character. An entrance may be gained through a gate at the side for a closer examination of the exquisite, gemlike beauty of the interior of this circular edifice, with its splendid vault covering the dome that rises in the form of a hemisphere above the attica. The interior of the building measured 132 feet in diameter, with an equal height given the dome. The architectural restoration—in one-twentieth scale—is the work of M. Chipiez, and Poulin is the accredited sculptor. As many as fifteen of the best figurists of Paris, selected in each case for special aptitudes, have worked on the different nude and draped figures among the sculptures. These are copies of ancient statues hypothetically illustrating the original series. They are numerously disposed without and in the gilded interior niches, alternately semicircular and rectangular, with which the wall is broken. The marble decoration of the walls with the fine columns of yellow marble—*giallo antico*—is ever to be praised; in every part the utmost delicacy characterizes the ornament. In the mouldings, in the roof of real bronze, and in every detail this refinement is perfect. For the monolithic columns of the portico—which Viollet-le-Duc says was an after-thought, a monument on the front of another monument—a selection has been made of Scotch granite, to get the figuring proportionate to that of the coarser-grained material used for the original structure.

A model preserved, like that of the Parthenon, under glass, is a reproduction of the Arch of Constantine, adding an interesting study as an amalgamation of styles. The architect of this copy is Mercatali, and Trabacchi and Cencetti have executed the sculptures. To the façade of the Cathedral of Notre Dame which is exhibited the entire model will be united before the end of the summer. With a length of twenty-five feet, this will form an imposing feature in the collection. The first cost is 57,500 francs, while $12,000 is the entire estimated expenditure for this acquisition.

One of the finest of German types, as it is one of the most remarkable in the combination of ornament and constructive features, is offered in the model of the Marktstrasse façade of the Knochenhauer Amthaus—designated in this collection as the House of the Butchers' Guild—made by Herr Küsthardt in one-tenth scale, and finished, as in the original, in polychromy. While its forms of ornament are from the Renaissance, and showing the richest product in wood-carving, the structure throughout is Gothic, except in capitals and forms of windows; the impression resulting from the admixture of the two styles is acknowledged as that of faultless unity. The building was erected in 1529. The combined societies of the shoemakers, tanners, bakers, and butchers had the name courts, in contradistinction to the guilds (the name, house of the court—"amthaus"—having thus its origin), and the courts endeavored to beautify their buildings in a higher degree than had been attained by the guilds. In applying a name to the model, this distinction between the courts and the guilds seems to have been disregarded. It is, of course, unimportant.

The Amthaus der Knochenhauer—the court-house of the butchers—excelled those of the allied societies. The beautifully executed ornament in foliage in horizontal bands combines figures and lifelike heads. The Lamb of God figured as the emblem, holding a banner with one foot, is significant of the near relation of the court with the church.

Many of the casts obtained for this collection are from works of large size. One of the most conspicuous is the Erectheion Portico, from the Pandrosium, among the rich and varied Greek series, illustrating, as this does in the highest degree, the elegance of the Ionic style. An altar from the theatre of Bacchus, a large window from the façade of the Certosa, the Carthusian monastery at Pavia, and a cloister arch from the same place are among the interesting types selected. The pulpit of Santa Croce, and that of the Siena Cathedral, by Pisano, are shown with other fine reproductions of Italian works. Several of the additional examples grouped in this series are equally important, among these being the monument of Count Bourgival at Breda, a complete bay of the cloister of St. John Lateran at Rome, with mosaics colored as in the original, the Jubé of the Limoges Cathedral as a good example of early French Renaissance—mutilated in revolutionary times in the panels, from which the French arms have been knocked off—a pilaster from the choir screen of Chartres, showing the transition from Gothic to Rennaissance, doors by Jean Goujon, and other valuable forms in architectural ornament. The celebrated choir screen from St. Michael's at Hildesheim, and the quaint Bernward column of Romanesque work from the same place, are German types of characteristic value. One of the most richly ornamented of this series is the shrine of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, the "Sebaldusgrab," celebrated among shrines on account of the wonderfully fine brass baldachin made for it by Peter Vischer, adorned in the highest degree with statuettes and delicately treated architectural ornamental forms. The color of the original bronzes is perfectly imitated in the cast.

Some good illustrations of old Norse-work have been obtained, and of carved doorways of Aal and Flaa, with the interlacing serpent decoration, such examples from the Scandinavian museums being exact fac-similes in color, as otherwise.

Two new pieces of some importance now added are the carved wooden portals from the western façade of the basilica St. Sauveur at Aix, of the sixteenth century, and the Virgin of the St. Anne portal of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with the architectural setting, as well as the sculpture.

An agreeable effect is given in this collection by the slight coloring applied to modify the glaring whiteness of new casts.

E. T. L.

A WELL-MERITED TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN ART.

THE Society of American Wood-Engravers has just received the "Diploma of Honor" awarded it by the jury of the International Art Exhibition of Berlin for 1891. There was no higher prize than this given, and it is a trophy to be proud of. It measures about seventeen inches in height by twelve in breadth, having a margin besides of two inches; it is printed in the colors of the German Empire—red, black, and gold—on a faultless sheet of vellum, appearing like white velvet; from the folded margin of the bottom is suspended by red and white ribbons an exquisitely turned boxwood box, containing the great seal of the Exhibition Association, the whole contained in a finely finished roll-box of Turkey morocco. It is inscribed as follows:

"Unter dem Allerhöchesten Protectorate Ihrer Majestät der Kaiserin und Königin Friedrich, die Preis-Jury der Internationalen Kunst-Ausstellung zu Berlin, 1891, hat dem Holzschneider in Anerkennung Ihrer Meisterschaft, das Ehren-Diplom anerkannt, Berlin, den 4ten Juni, 1891. Die Ausstellungs-Commission. Signed by the president, A. von Werner, and the first secretary, K. Hoffacker."

A testimonial so creditable to American art-workers is an honor to the nation, and should have a conspicuous place in some public art depository, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art of this city, or the Museum of Graphic Arts at Washington, where it may be seen of all people.

The society which has obtained this distinguished recognition has just completed the tenth year of its existence. Its purpose is to "advance art in wood-engraving." Its supreme effort in furtherance of this object was the production five years ago of a collection of twenty-five large engravings from the work of American artists, which was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in two forms, the first, an *édition de luxe*, consisting of a portfolio of "Japan proofs"; and the second, a popular edition, in which the engravings were printed on heavy plate paper.

The society has won honors in two other international exhibitions, *viz.*, in that of Vienna, 1883, and of the Exposition Universal at Paris in 1889. At present it is employed, under the encouragement of Mr. Halsey C. Ives, Commissioner of Fine Arts, in getting up a unique exhibit of original and purely art work for the Columbian Exhibition.

THE LOTUS POOL IN CENTRAL PARK.

NORTH of the upper reservoir Central Park presents a landscape remarkably free and bold. The broad meadows, wooded eminences, streamlets, and lakelets combine in an impressive effect of space and remoteness. In the deep depression south of Harlem Heights a rocky stream, fed by living rills, connects the three water sheets known as the Pool, the Loch, and Harlem Mere. The Pool, at the head-waters in the extreme west of the Park, lies in a situation peculiarly genial. Except along the winding tree-bordered outlet, wooded hills surround it upon three sides, and, with the steep slope and high wall opposite 101st Street, shield it completely from cold winds, while serving to focus upon it the warmest sun rays.

In certain elements of this deep, irregularly outlined tarn, with its picturesque tiny coves, head-lands, and one island, northern latitude does not figure. It is essentially a semi-tropical pool, in which thrive unnurtured those southern exotics, the gold-fish and lotus lily. Between two deltas, formed at the mouths of rivulets, the Egyptian plants flourish so vigorously that, spreading through growth of their bulbous roots, they have half filled the upper part of the basin.

Last summer and autumn the broad green lily-pads and upraised white, pink-flecked blossoms were a cool, fresh vision of delight to the pedestrian threading the wood-path along this romantic water chain. With the coming of winter they faded, and in the severe cold weather the pool became frozen over. For a long time the white snow-ice continued at the upper end of the basin, enclosing the dead brown stalks and broad withered leaves, while blown by winds about the sheeted surface were scattered the great dun-tinted seed cups, in shape a half-sphere, the flat side perforated like a honey-comb.

The ice thawed slowly, and through the cold weather of March the Pool kept on its winter look. But in the last bright days of the month, when the grass was becoming green and the tree twigs were freshening with the rising sap, there suddenly appeared among the lifeless lily-pads warm gleams of red and other forms like finny shadows. The gold-fish and young carp had emerged from their winter's retirement in the middle depths of the basin. Lurking in the shadow of a crumpled lotus leaf, or beneath a half-fallen stalk, the gold-fish tranquilly poise at rest, now and then swimming languidly out to nose at some floating speck. Often one of these bright-hued swimmers will be attended by a little school of carp, somewhat in the fashion of pilot-fishes with the shark.

The lotus lilies will bide their time of coming forth until air and water become more warmly tempered in late spring. Then the leaves will widen green upon the water, and in the first month of summer the splendid flowers will begin to bloom in a blossoming that does not cease until the autumn frosts. Bright salamanders, frogs, and water insects will lend graceful animation while sharing the glad summer life in the Lotus Pool, so unique and romantic among the many beautiful landscape passages of New York's famous Park.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

U of M

in my hired lodging at Pera, but in the heart of Stamboul, in one of the little inns where one sleeps on a white mattress on the ground.

I left the imperial palace very late the previous evening, and having quickly changed my court clothes at the hotel as I went by, I came over here to the other side of the Golden Horn to see a little more of the nocturnal fête in the streets. Then, when the last fires of the Ramadam were dying out upon the minarets, I went into the first lodging I came to to get a little sleep.

No clock strikes at night in this part of Stamboul, and I was a little uneasy about the time, as an aide-de-camp of his Majesty was to fetch me from my official quarters to take me to see the treasures of the Sultans.

Outside the door of the inn all was delightfully fresh, making the mere act of breathing a delight—almost an intoxication. The narrow ancient streets were quite untenanted, but seemed radiant with youth and beauty in the bright early and apparently never-fading sunshine. Truly the purity of an Oriental May is of rare charm; the freshness of the air and light revives as nothing else can.

Going down towards the Golden Horn, I come to the old square shaded by time-honored plane-trees, overlooked on one side by the lofty gray mass of the Valideh mosque, with its minarets and arabesques, whilst the other three-quarters are occupied by ivy-clad arbors, little cafés, and little barber shops, or shops where Turkish slippers are sold—all very ancient and Oriental, looking exactly as they might at Ispahan or Bagdad.

In this square, still more in the adjacent streets, it is very lovely on this early May morning. The rising sun touches with gold the mosque, and the fresh green of the plane-trees, and there is a white mist hanging about which might be the virginal veil of the young morning. The little Turkish cafés are beginning to open, and two or three countrymen are already being shaved in the open air beneath the trees.

It is evidently still very early, and I have time to linger a little before returning to Pera. I sit down beneath the vine-clad trellis-work and call for a cup of coffee, with some of the nice little hot bonbons which are sold to the peasants on their way to their work, and which I enjoy better than the daintiest breakfast. I seem myself to imbibe something of the renewed youth which is touching with beauty all the ancient things around.

About two hours afterwards, that is to say, a little before eight o'clock, I have donned a very different costume, and a carriage takes me back to Stamboul in the company of an aide-de-camp of his Majesty, and in a solemn-looking deserted quarter, with the grass growing between the stones, our coachman draws up in front of a formidable *enceinte*, reminding one of a mediæval fortress.

These walls enclose an absolutely unique little corner of the earth, the furthest point of eastern Europe, a promontory jutting out towards the neighboring continent of Asia, and which, moreover, was for many centuries the residence of the Caliphs, in which they were surrounded by incomparable splendor and luxury. With the holy suburb of Eyoob, it embodies all that is most lovely, most exquisite, in Constantinople. In a word, it is the Old Seraglio—a name which calls up a whole world of dreams and visions.

A little gate is opened for us in the outer walls, and as soon as we have passed the *enceinte* a sudden revelation of beauty bursts upon us; the dead past lives again, and wraps us about with its shroud.

All is at first silence and shade; empty desolate courts, where grass is growing between the disused flag-stones, overshadowed by great trees centuries old, contemporaries of the mighty Sultans of other days; black cypresses as lofty as towers, plane-trees which have assumed weird forms, all distorted as they are with age, are still upheld merely by huge fragments of bark, and stoop forward like old men.

Then come the galleries; colonnades in the antique Turkish style; the verandas, still retaining their quaint frescoes, in which the Sultan deigned to receive the ambassadors of Europe. And this spot fortunately is not opened to profane visitors, it is not yet haunted by idle tourists; and behind its lofty walls it retains a mysterious peace, it is still stamped with the impress of by-gone glories.

Crossing the first courts, we leave on the right impenetrably closed gardens, from which emerge, amongst groves of cypress, ancient kiosks with closed windows, the residences of imperial widows, of aged princesses, who are to end their days in a secluded retreat on one of the most beautiful sites in the whole world.

It is one blaze of sunshine here, everything is gleaming in the Orient light; we are now at the end of the walled-in space, we are at the extreme point of the Old Seraglio, and also of Europe. This advanced guard of the West is a very lofty, very white, very solitary promenade, overlooking the blue distances of the sea and of Asia. The bright morning sunshine floods the widespreading scene, in which towns, islets, and mountains stand out in tender tones above the motionless sheet of water known as the Sea of Marmora.

All round about us are ancient white buildings, which contain all the rarest, the most valuable treasures of Turkey—first the kiosk, closed even to the faithful, in which the mantle of the Prophet is preserved in a case studded with precious stones; then the kiosk of Bagdad, lined with Persian porcelains, now of priceless value, in which the branches of the red flowers represented were made of coral liquefied and used as a paint by a process now lost; then the imperial Treasury, also of gleaming whiteness, with grated windows like those of a prison, the iron gates of which will presently be opened to allow me to enter.

And lastly, an inhabited palace, ruled by strictest etiquette, into which we are admitted, and where we are allowed to sit down. White marble steps lead up to the apartments on the ground-floor, which seem to have been furnished about the middle of last century in the then prevalent European taste. They are in the Louis XV. style, but modified by an indescribable something of Oriental quaintness, which gives them a charm all their own; white and gold wainscots, old-fashioned cerise or lilac brocades, with white flowers, the light colors all further toned down by age. Plenty of space, plenty of air, plenty of light—a symmetrical tranquillity everywhere, giving one a sense of abandonment and immobility.

And from this sumptuous solitude, seated on sofas of a delicate faded rose-color, at the wide open windows, we have spread out before us from this, the last promontory of Europe, the view which delighted the Sultans of yore. On the left, far down beneath our feet, is spread out the Bosporus, dotted with ships and kaïks, whilst from its shores rise the new imperial palaces of Dolma-Batché and Tcheragan, with a whole series of stately-looking older buildings and mosques, their inverted images forming a gleaming line in the waters below them. Opposite lies Asia, still blue with the mists of early morning; there is Scutari, with its domes and minarets, its vast cemetery, its gloomy cypress forests. On the right are the wide-stretching distances of the Sea of Marmora, on which we can make out steamboats going to and fro, dimly outlined on the diaphanous blue—gray objects with trails of white smoke.

Truly well chosen is the site of this stronghold, built as it is on two great continents of the world, and dominating Turkey, lying at its feet. And how great is the peace, how great the melancholy splendor of its complete isolation, far away from the turmoil of modern life, in the absolute silence of abandonment, beneath the clear, yet in a sense, the dreary sunshine!

When the guardian of the treasures, an old man with a white beard, prepared to open the iron gate with his great keys, twenty sworn-in subordinates, ten on the right and ten on the left, formed, in accordance with invariable etiquette, two hedges, with a lane between, guarding the approach.

We passed between the double file, and entered the rooms, which were rather dark, followed by the ten keepers.

No cave of Ali Baba ever contained such riches! For eight centuries matchless precious stones and priceless marvels of art have been hoarded up here. When our eyes, still dazzled with the outside sunshine, became accustomed to the obscurity, the diamonds began to scintillate on every side. A profusion of objects of unknown age and of inestimable value are classed according to species in different stories. Here are weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mohammed, weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones; collections of golden chests of every size and every style, some covered with rubies, others with diamonds or sapphires, some actually cut out of a single great emerald resembling an ostrich's egg; coffee services, flagons, and ewers of antique forms of exquisite beauty. Fairylike tissues, saddles, harness, saddle-cloths embroidered with silver and gold, and bordered with flowers in precious stones; great chairs of state made to sit cross-legged on, some one blaze of rubies and pearls, giving the whole a pinkish hue, others again completely covered with emeralds, and shining with a green light like the ripples of sea-water.

In the last room, behind glass, a motionless and terrible-looking company awaits us; twenty-eight puppets of the size of life, standing erect in military style in a long row shoulder to shoulder. They all wear the lofty pear-shaped turban, which has been out of use for more than a century, and is now only seen on the catafalques of great defunct dignitaries, in the half-light of funereal kiosks or turbehs, or carved on tombs; in fact, this form of turban is always associated in my mind with death. Until the beginning of this century, whenever a Sultan died, a puppet dressed in the monarch's robes of state was brought to the Treasury, wearing wonderful weapons in its sash, and on its head a grand turban with a magnificent aigrette of jewels. And here this puppet was to remain forever, covered with wealth lost for all eternity to mankind. The twenty-eight Sultans who succeeded each other between the taking of Constantinople and the end of the eighteenth century has each his dummy here, standing erect in court costume; slowly the solemn, richly dressed party has increased in numbers, the new funereal figures arriving one by one to take their places in the long line of ancient Sultans, who have waited for them for hundreds of years, sure of their coming sooner or later. They touch shoulders now, all these phantoms of those who reigned at wide intervals of each other, brought together by death in the same dreary non-existence.

Their long robes are made of wonderful brocades, embroidered with mysterious designs in colors dulled by age; priceless daggers, the hilts made of a single precious stone, are rusting in spite of all care in the silk sashes, and it seems as if the lustre of the great diamonds of the aigrettes in the turbans was dimmed with age, for they gleam with a yellow and exhausted kind of light.

And this extraordinary luxury, sprinkled with the dust of ages, is most melancholy to contemplate. Of fabulous magnificence, these figures in their lofty turbans, the object of the covetousness of so many human creatures, guarded so zealously behind double iron doors, alike useless and dangerous, see seasons, years, reigns, and centuries pass by, revolutions accomplished, in the same immobility, the same silence; scarcely lighted even in the daytime behind the ancient grated windows, and in total obscurity as soon as the sun sets. Each one bears his name, now but an empty sound, but once illustrious and terrible. Murad the Conqueror, Soliman the Magnificent, Mohammed, and Mahmud. I think these figures gave me a more awful sense of the fragility and nothingness of human life than anything I ever saw.

At the "water-gate" of the Old Seraglio a large imperial kaïk, or light skiff with eight pairs of oars, awaited us, and we went down into it to stretch ourselves out upon its cushions, as is the fashion in Turkey, where one glides along in a half-reclining position with the eyes on a level with the water.

The rowers all wear the traditional shirt of white silk gauze, open at the brawny chest blackened by the sun; and impassible of mien, they look as if they were cast in bronze, with teeth made of porcelain.

The Bosporus is as calm as a mirror beneath the glowing sky. We give a wide berth to the steamboats with their smoke, and to everything which disfigures and sullies the purity of the sea.

At two or three places, such as Dolma-Batché on the European shore, and Belerbey on that of Asia, we touch at quays of spotless marble in front of solitary palaces with white and gilded gratings. The snowy whiteness of these palaces of the Sultan rising from beside the blue waters is what gives them their unique charm.

Within the inhabited palaces, the guardians of which open the gates to us, we find much magnificence: forests of pillars of all manner of colors, masses of tall candelabra and chandeliers, ceilings richly arabesqued in the Oriental style, brocades with looking-glass spangles, and silks from Broussa; but not a human creature in any of these grand apartments, in the midst of all this fresh and luxurious decoration kept up with so much care. The Sultan and his court come to these palaces no more.

It was about noon when we returned to the palace of Yildiz after this rapid visit to the imperial palaces.

At Yildiz all is extremely quiet, absolute silence and calm prevailing. The fast of the Ramadan is not yet over, the time for retreat and prayer, and in the house of his Majesty the Sultan more than anywhere else the fast is rigorously maintained—a fast which must not be broken until after sunset. For me alone, not bound by the Mohammedan law, a breakfast is served; but I feel very much embarrassed at sitting down to table in this palace where nobody eats, and for the first time in my life I felt that eating breakfast is an impropriety—a gross Western custom.

Moreover, I have something much better to do. On the gilded leaves of a writing pad, brought to me by an interpreter, I am permitted to write down a few of my thoughts to be transmitted to the Sultan, whose presence, though he is invisible to-day, can be felt. And I am full of admiration for his Majesty, who in the midst of the thousand absorbing occupations of the owner of a throne, is yet ignorant of nothing that is being done in literature or in art.

Through the open windows floats the light in a silence that may be felt; the May sunbeams scintillate upon the white walls and the light brocades of the furniture. In the foreground we see gardens bright with flowers, whilst far away in the distance are the charming vistas of the sea and of Asia, which are commanded from every point of the terrace-built city—the projecting balcony of Europe.

Close at hand, too, is the imperial mosque, with its perforated dome. And whilst smoking the most dainty cigarettes, I chat about the sacred chants of yesterday with his Excellency the Grand Vizier, who, when he chooses, can be as courteous and as refined as the most polished Frenchman.

"Come to the window," he said, "and listen to the incomparable voice which will presently chant a prayer."

And in the midst of the tranquil silence a voice suddenly rang out, a gloriously sonorous voice, combining the clearness of a hautboy with the celestial purity of a church organ, yet with a peculiar aloofness of its own as of a voice heard in a dream. This rare voice suddenly flung forth to the four quarters of the blue heaven the Mussulman prayer. Then once more my whole being was thrilled to the depths with an intense realization of the very spirit of Islam; and in this gay, bright room, which might be that of some French château, I felt once more what I had partially lost for a time, that deep melancholy impression, alike soothing and agonizing, which, deeply real as it is to me, I have never been able to define.

More beautiful than the priceless voice now vibrating with youthful power, but which to-morrow will pass away, is the all but immortal chant which has gone up for centuries five times a day from the towns and villages of Turkey. It symbolizes a whole region, a whole dignified, restful mysticism. It is the embodiment of that aspiration, that appeal to the Most High, which our brothers of the Orient have known better how to guard than we of the West our consolatory beliefs. Walking onwards with eyes closed to the whirlpool of dust about them, the followers of the Prophet sleep in peace in the midst of their magnificent delusions. As long as the sound of that prayer is followed by the prostration of the faithful around the mosques, so long will Turkey retain her noble soldiers indifferent to death.

Pierre Loti

GET-AWAY NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS.

THE circus of to-day, particularly as we see it at the Barnum & Bailey Show, is as far from the old-time ring shows of our school days as the two poles are apart. Some of the features remain—notably, it seems to me, "peanuts"; without this strictly "circus" article of refreshment no circus need apply for the suffrages of our people. Then there is the "lemonade man"; the lemon is only photographed on the water, like the beautiful lady in the "optical delusion" across the way—"now you see it, and now you don't." I asked the keeper the other night what they did with the giraffe's neck going through tunnels or "low bridges." He replied, they had his neck trained for such emergencies. At this moment word was passed all along the basement of the Madison Square Garden building to shut up all the cages. It was "get-away night at the circus." Just at this point the giraffe looked out over the top of his cage, somewhere near the ceiling; another second the hood was drawn over the hole in the roof, and Mr. Giraffe felt that civilization with turnips and carrots in New York was a far inferior life to freedom in the Soudan under the Mahdi and his followers. With an organization like this Barnum & Bailey Show, there must necessarily be discipline of the highest order. Small wonder, then, that the graceful "houris" in multicolored costumes, together with all the Moors of Granada, King Boabdil, El Chico, and his bearded horsemen in burnoose, were out of the building and on their way to Brooklyn an hour after the last act took place in the arena. Behind that drop representing Barcelona in 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella took a hop, skip, and a jump from the imposing heights of their triumphal car and hied themselves to their dressing-rooms, to reappear shortly as plain Mary and John, ready for sandwiches and Gambrinus. Trained cats, the sheep, and the dog that walks all around the ring on his rear legs—all made their parting bows before the New York public, to reappear next circus season as the great, the only, and most imposing demonstration of trained beasts of the air and field on earth. This is circus English, and you must not look for it in Murray. Among other attractions, the language of the programmes is one of the most amusing.

The little lady who rides bareback in the ring, jumps over the cloths and through the paper hoops, and wears a cast-iron smile specially prepared for the ring, is a frail little woman in every-day life, and looks more like the wife of a well-to-do tradesman than a glittering creature fit for daring equestrian deeds in the show ring. As she comes down stairs, and makes her exit pell-mell with the ballet, no doubt she is glad to-morrow is Sunday, and a day of rest, and she need not smile at all, but look sad and cry even, like any other ordinary human being, and think neither of the sawdust nor the tan-bark nor the clowns who grin at her as she flies through the hoops. I cannot conceive any harder work than to "go on" and "do a turn," and to smile sweetly at six thousand people twice a day. It is enough to make any one lachrymose behind the scenes for life. As I stood close by the door, the lady trapezist and her male partner in aerial gymnastics had just made their exit; that same "circus smile" had just evanesced from their lips, and as they separated towards their respective sides of the house, both were panting for breath, and lines of relaxation marked their faces. It reminded me of the leading lady in a five-act melodrama, who, having died a harrowing death, accepts a "curtain call," and smiles while doing so, and in common with a numerous part of the audience, is glad it is over, and she is dead for the night.

And then the procession of the animals began. The elephants, llamas, donkeys, ponies, Arabian horses, and all the animals in their cages started almost simultaneously for the City of Churches. In the arena the glories of the Roman games were being revived in the chariot-races, and no doubt the drivers were glad it was "get-away night," and they need not risk their necks "swinging" those corners of the arena until next season. When the final contest has been decided, the work of dismantlement ensues at once—platforms are torn up, ground cloths rolled, the three rings are divided into as many sections, guy-ropes are down from aloft, the trapeze nets and tackle fall with a crash to the ground. A hundred men scurry hither and thither, seemingly so well drilled in their duties that there is no clash, no wrangling; everybody works with the precision and surety of a body of regulars. The throng of people wonder and marvel at all, and involuntarily many minds wander to their own first experiences of the circus, with one ring and perhaps one clown—but a real clown—perhaps a trick donkey, a bearded lady, the giants, and tattooed man, to say nothing of the lady snake-charmer and the living skeleton, or the man who prefers eating beer bottles to drinking the beer. All these freaks are missing in the modern circus, and one misses them on the "get-away night."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

PURPOSE.

THE uses of sorrow I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Than the sated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.

So better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE WILLARD CAST COLLECTION.

THE additions recently made in the section of architectural models and casts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art form the richest part of the collection. With such other additional reproductions as were first shown in order on May 2d, the work of the last six months is to be recorded as a great advance in the gradual installation of this new source of artistic enlightenment. So nearly is the plan of this series carried out, that the entire final arrangement issuing from the Willard bequest may be easily anticipated.

The collection now measures five-sixths of the proposed magnitude as estimated on the scale of money value. If the committee decide to add a model of the magnificent doorway of Chartres Cathedral, now in consideration, the expenditure for this costly reproduction, with its numerous sculptures, will absorb the remainder of the trust fund in their hands. This gallery of architecture has received all the objects purchased on the list, excepting only, with a few additional casts, a small model of the portico of the Cathedral of St. Trophime, at Arles, selected as a type of endless interest in the review of twelfth-century sculptured ornament.

If the belief is not illusory that is held by the trustees of the museum and shared by many European archæologists, "the ideal museum of reproductions" will exist in full form and substance when the proposed supplementary series of casts of sculpture is united with the Willard and Marquand collections. With the use of the tentative lists prepared with eminent ability a few months ago, a limited number of actual purchases has been made in this new series. To its formation $100,000, and probably more, will be devoted. By this liberal means a collection will be obtained that may be coupled equally with that now nearly completed as a comprehensive illustration of historic architecture. The comparative study of older museums, in their experience of accumulation, has led to firm ground on which to stand in getting together this vast collection. The essential conditions through which perfect unity in the character of the collection in all relations is to be effected are uncommonly fortunate. In making the different selections for this series, the place of each in the arrangement is in view as primarily determined by its significance in the historical connection. In every feature the collection to be received in the new wing now being erected is planned with extraordinary scientific precision. A more satisfactory general collection than has yet been brought together in any part of the world is the result everywhere fairly expected from this effort.

The earlier division gathered from all the European art centres, and now largely in view, is distinguished by its characteristics on several lines. This offers to begin with a comparatively extensive survey of the development of architecture as illustrated in the best products of different styles, a familiarity with which is important in the training of taste. It is exceeded in range by only the corresponding illustrations to be studied in the Trocadéro and the Berlin Museum, with possibly one or two other galleries. The arrangement of the collection is equally satisfactory for purposes of study and as an effective general composition.

In the chronological system that prevails in the grouping the history of art is illustrated in one great epoch after another, with only such variations in the line of historical sequence developed in the circuit of the gallery as may be necessary to maintain symmetry in the profile of the collection while yet incomplete.

A finer distinction than could be derived from any other form of copies from architecture, in whatever extent shown, is gained by this gallery in its series of large models of perfect artistic execution. It was the stated desire of the donor of this collection that a feature of it should consist of reproductions of this class in remarkable size and completeness. This has been carried out in spirit as in letter by the committee. The wisdom of the idea is strikingly attested in the successful issue of standards and principles of taste being presented in this form for public study. By the exceedingly fine treatment of these exponents they are rendered even more worthy of attention.

First in order in this series is the model of the central portion of the Hypostyle Hall of the Great Temple at Karnak, seen on the right from the entrance—a splendid initial for the chapter opened in this direction. The reproduction in this form of a hall that, as a construction, is the most beautiful that exists in Egypt is the more desirable on account of the devastations going on in recent years which cannot be effectually arrested. The successive ruins have rendered this one of the most difficult of examples in which to discover primitive traces of character.

In the model of this edifice, pre-eminent in immensity, the architectural restoration is by M. Chipiez; and that of the complex system of hieroglyphs, with their unbounded historical interest, by Maspero, the scheme of coloring—chiefly effaced in the structures—being based on studies of mummy relics.

The Parthenon model, made on the one-twentieth scale, under the direction of Charles Chipiez, is executed by M. Jolly with marvellous art. It shows all the sculptured and other decorations in their order, and in polychromatic exactness, according to accepted theories. A soft brilliancy of effect is imparted with this coloring, heightened by the gilded acroteria and the glitter of shields among the sculptured groups. The restoration of a corner of the Parthenon in the original size, and after the drawings of Penrose, has been completed at the museum, and given its place on the east-end tympanum of the main hall as a companion piece with the capital and entablature of the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, which is already exhibited. With two capitals, three metopes, etc., this Parthenon piece, showing the entire depth of the architrave, includes the group of Hyperion and his horses of the pedimental sculptures. Thus this matchless product of the age of Pheidias will be variously illustrated, with this addition of the newer forms to the Marquand series of Parthenon sculpture reproductions.

The model of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, one-tenth of the original size, that was previously added to the collection, is now supplemented by a full-size restoration of this beautiful little votive structure. A very complete study of this example of the best Athenian epoch remaining at the eastern end of the Akropolis is given in the new copy of the edifice, one half of which is formed as a cast, while the other half is a restoration.

The Pantheon at Rome—conceded to be as exquisitely Greek in its ornamentation as grandly Roman in its construction—is reproduced at a cost of $10,000 in a model of superb character. An entrance may be gained through a gate at the side for a closer examination of the exquisite, gemlike beauty of the interior of this circular edifice, with its splendid vault covering the dome that rises in the form of a hemisphere above the attica. The interior of the building measured 132 feet in diameter, with an equal height given the dome. The architectural restoration—in one-twentieth scale—is the work of M. Chipiez, and Poulin is the accredited sculptor. As many as fifteen of the best figurists of Paris, selected in each case for special aptitudes, have worked on the different nude and draped figures among the sculptures. These are copies of ancient statues hypothetically illustrating the original series. They are numerously disposed without and in the gilded interior niches, alternately semicircular and rectangular, with which the wall is broken. The marble decoration of the walls with the fine columns of yellow marble—*giallo antico*—is ever to be praised; in every part the utmost delicacy characterizes the ornament. In the mouldings, in the roof of real bronze, and in every detail this refinement is perfect. For the monolithic columns of the portico—which Viollet-le-Duc says was an after-thought, a monument on the front of another monument—a selection has been made of Scotch granite, to get the figuring proportionate to that of the coarser-grained material used for the original structure.

A model preserved, like that of the Parthenon, under glass, is a reproduction of the Arch of Constantine, adding an interesting study as an amalgamation of styles. The architect of this copy is Mercatali, and Trabacchi and Cencetti have executed the sculptures. To the façade of the Cathedral of Notre Dame which is exhibited the entire model will be united before the end of the summer. With a length of twenty-five feet, this will form an imposing feature in the collection. The first cost is 57,500 francs, while $12,000 is the entire estimated expenditure for this acquisition.

One of the finest of German types, as it is one of the most remarkable in the combination of ornament and constructive features, is offered in the model of the Marktstrasse façade of the Knochenhauer Amthaus—designated in this collection as the House of the Butchers' Guild—made by Herr Küsthardt in one-tenth scale, and finished, as in the original, in polychromy. While its forms of ornament are from the Renaissance, and showing the richest product in wood-carving, the structure throughout is Gothic, except in capitals and forms of windows; the impression resulting from the admixture of the two styles is acknowledged as that of faultless unity. The building was erected in 1529. The combined societies of the shoemakers, tanners, bakers, and butchers had the name courts, in contradistinction to the guilds (the name, house of the court—"amthaus"—having thus its origin), and the courts endeavored to beautify their buildings in a higher degree than had been attained by the guilds. In applying a name to the model, this distinction between the courts and the guilds seems to have been disregarded. It is, of course, unimportant.

The Amthaus der Knochenhauer—the court-house of the butchers—excelled those of the allied societies. The beautifully executed ornament in foliage in horizontal bands combines figures and lifelike heads. The Lamb of God figured as the emblem, holding a banner with one foot, is significant of the near relation of the court with the church.

Many of the casts obtained for this collection are from works of large size. One of the most conspicuous is the Erectheion Portico, from the Pandrosium, among the rich and varied Greek series, illustrating, as this does in the highest degree, the elegance of the Ionic style. An altar from the theatre of Bacchus, a large window from the façade of the Certosa, the Carthusian monastery at Pavia, and a cloister arch from the same place are among the interesting types selected. The pulpit of Santa Croce, and that of the Siena Cathedral, by Pisano, are shown with other fine reproductions of Italian works. Several of the additional examples grouped in this series are equally important, among these being the monument of Count Bourgival at Breda, a complete bay of the cloister of St. John Lateran at Rome, with mosaics colored as in the original, the Jubé of the Limoges Cathedral as a good example of early French Renaissance—mutilated in revolutionary times in the panels, from which the French arms have been knocked off—a pilaster from the choir screen of Chartres, showing the transition from Gothic to Rennaissance, doors by Jean Goujon, and other valuable forms in architectural ornament. The celebrated choir screen from St. Michael's at Hildesheim, and the quaint Bernward column of Romanesque work from the same place, are German types of characteristic value. One of the most richly ornamented of this series is the shrine of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, the "Sebaldusgrab," celebrated among shrines on account of the wonderfully fine brass baldachin made for it by Peter Vischer, adorned in the highest degree with statuettes and delicately treated architectural ornamental forms. The color of the original bronzes is perfectly imitated in the cast.

Some good illustrations of old Norse-work have been obtained, and of carved doorways of Aal and Flaa, with the interlacing serpent decoration, such examples from the Scandinavian museums being exact fac-similes in color, as otherwise.

Two new pieces of some importance now added are the carved wooden portals from the western façade of the basilica St. Sauveur at Aix, of the sixteenth century, and the Virgin of the St. Anne portal of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with the architectural setting, as well as the sculpture.

An agreeable effect is given in this collection by the slight coloring applied to modify the glaring whiteness of new casts.

E. T. L.

A WELL-MERITED TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN ART.

THE Society of American Wood-Engravers has just received the "Diploma of Honor" awarded it by the jury of the International Art Exhibition of Berlin for 1891. There was no higher prize than this given, and it is a trophy to be proud of. It measures about seventeen inches in height by twelve in breadth, having a margin besides of two inches; it is printed in the colors of the German Empire—red, black, and gold—on a faultless sheet of vellum, appearing like white velvet; from the folded margin of the bottom is suspended by red and white ribbons an exquisitely turned boxwood box, containing the great seal of the Exhibition Association, the whole contained in a finely finished roll-box of Turkey morocco. It is inscribed as follows:

"Unter dem Allerhöchesten Protectorate Ihrer Majestät der Kaiserin und Königin Friedrich, die Preis-Jury der Internationalen Kunst-Ausstellung zu Berlin, 1891, hat dem Holzschneider in Anerkennung Ihrer Meisterschaft, das Ehren-Diplom anerkannt, Berlin, den 4ten Juni, 1891. Die Ausstellungs-Commission. Signed by the president, A. von Werner, and the first secretary, K. Hoffacker."

A testimonial so creditable to American art-workers is an honor to the nation, and should have a conspicuous place in some public art depository, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art of this city, or the Museum of Graphic Arts at Washington, where it may be seen of all people.

The society which has obtained this distinguished recognition has just completed the tenth year of its existence. Its purpose is to "advance art in wood-engraving." Its supreme effort in furtherance of this object was the production five years ago of a collection of twenty-five large engravings from the work of American artists, which was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in two forms, the first, an *édition de luxe*, consisting of a portfolio of "Japan proofs"; and the second, a popular edition, in which the engravings were printed on heavy plate paper.

The society has won honors in two other international exhibitions, *viz.*, in that of Vienna, 1883, and of the Exposition Universal at Paris in 1889. At present it is employed, under the encouragement of Mr. Halsey C. Ives, Commissioner of Fine Arts, in getting up a unique exhibit of original and purely art work for the Columbian Exhibition.

THE LOTUS POOL IN CENTRAL PARK.

NORTH of the upper reservoir Central Park presents a landscape remarkably free and bold. The broad meadows, wooded eminences, streamlets, and lakelets combine in an impressive effect of space and remoteness. In the deep depression south of Harlem Heights a rocky stream, fed by living rills, connects the three water sheets known as the Pool, the Loch, and Harlem Mere. The Pool, at the headwaters in the extreme west of the Park, lies in a situation peculiarly genial. Except along the winding tree-bordered outlet, wooded hills surround it upon three sides, and, with the steep slope and high wall opposite 101st Street, shield it completely from cold winds, while serving to focus upon it the warmest sun rays.

In certain elements of this deep, irregularly outlined tarn, with its picturesque tiny coves, head-lands, and one island, northern latitude does not figure. It is essentially a semi-tropical pool, in which thrive unnurtured those southern exotics, the gold-fish and lotus lily. Between two deltas, formed at the mouths of rivulets, the Egyptian plants flourish so vigorously that, spreading through growth of their bulbous roots, they have half filled the upper part of the basin.

Last summer and autumn the broad green lily-pads and upraised white, pink-flecked blossoms were a cool, fresh vision of delight to the pedestrian threading the wood-path along this romantic water chain. With the coming of winter they faded, and in the severe cold weather the pool became frozen over. For a long time the white snow-ice continued at the upper end of the basin, enclosing the dead brown stalks and broad withered leaves, while blown by winds about the sheeted surface were scattered the great dun-tinted seed cups, in shape a half-sphere, the flat side perforated like a honey comb.

The ice thawed slowly, and through the cold weather of March the Pool kept on its winter look. But in the last bright days of the month, when the grass was becoming green and the tree twigs were freshening with the rising sap, there suddenly appeared among the lifeless lily-pads warm gleams of red and other forms like finny shadows. The gold-fish and young carp had emerged from their winter's retirement in the middle depths of the basin. Lurking in the shadow of a crumpled lotus leaf, or beneath a half-fallen stalk, the gold-fish tranquilly poise at rest, now and then swimming languidly out to nose at some floating speck. Often one of these bright-hued swimmers will be attended by a little school of carp, somewhat in the fashion of pilot-fishes with the shark.

The lotus lilies will bide their time of coming forth until air and water become more warmly tempered in late spring. Then the leaves will widen green upon the water, and in the first month of summer the splendid flowers will begin to bloom in a blossoming that does not cease until the autumn frosts. Bright salamanders, frogs, and water insects will lend graceful animation while sharing the glad summer life in the Lotus Pool, so unique and romantic among the many beautiful landscape passages of New York's famous Park.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

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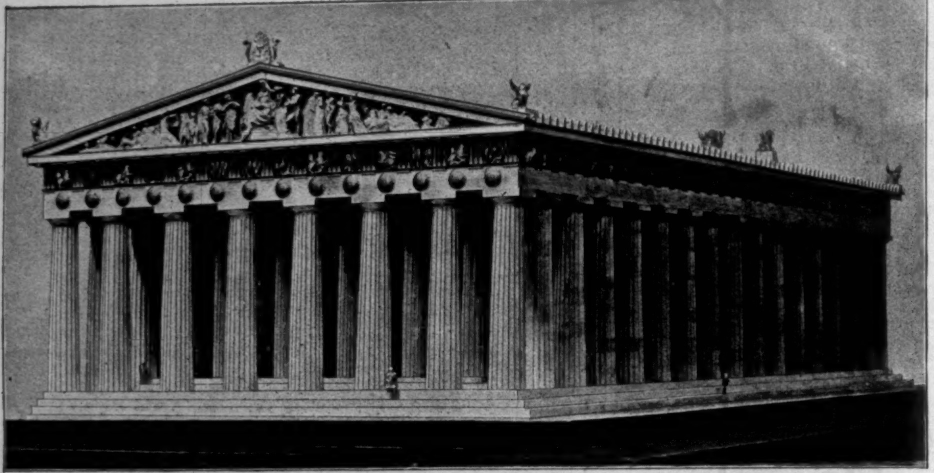
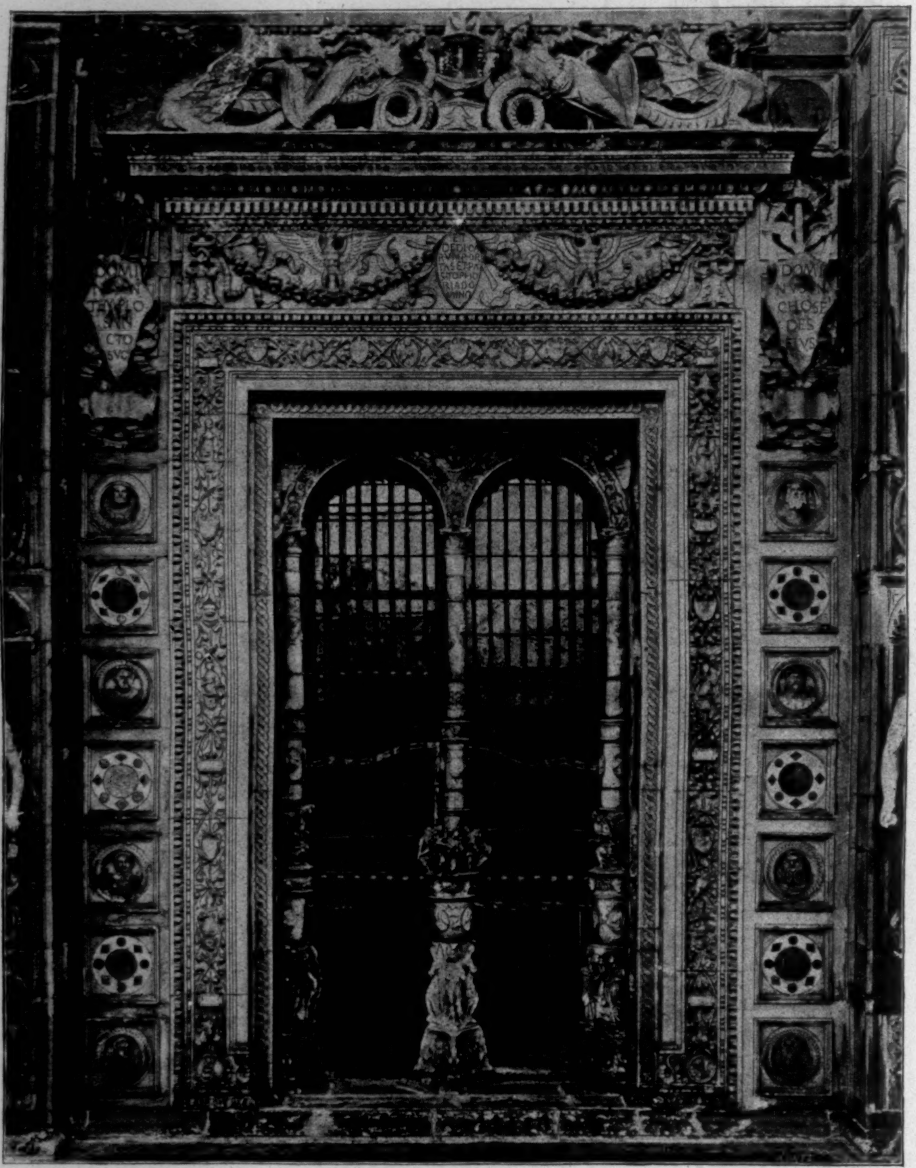
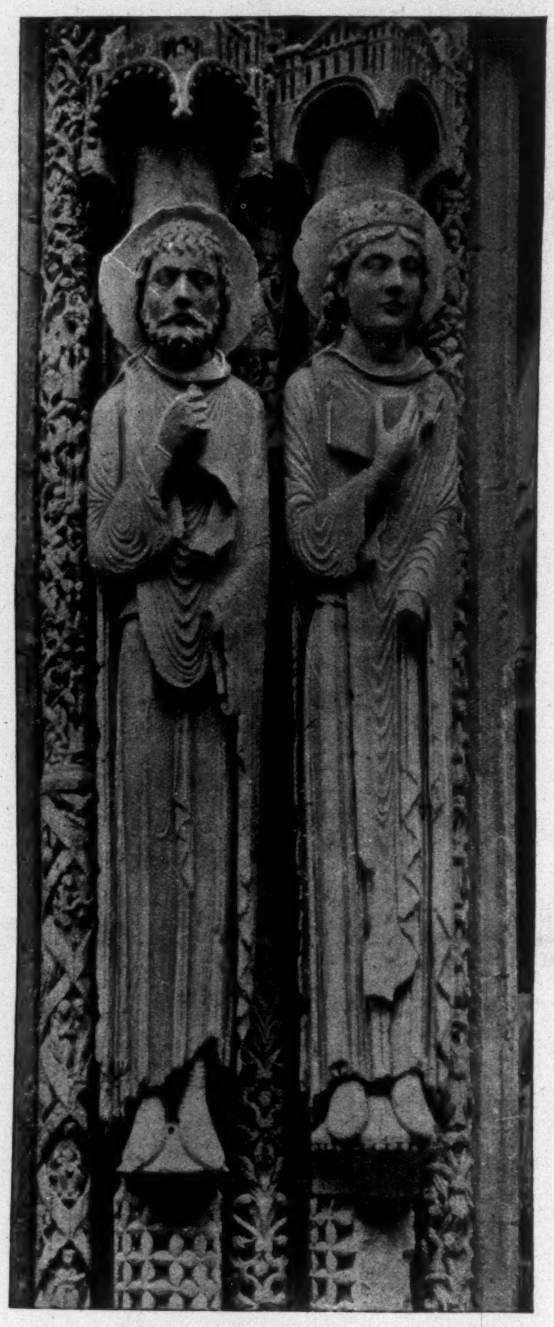


MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.
M. JOLLY, Sculptor. Restorations by CHARLES CHIPIEZ. Scale of Model, one-twentieth of Full Size.

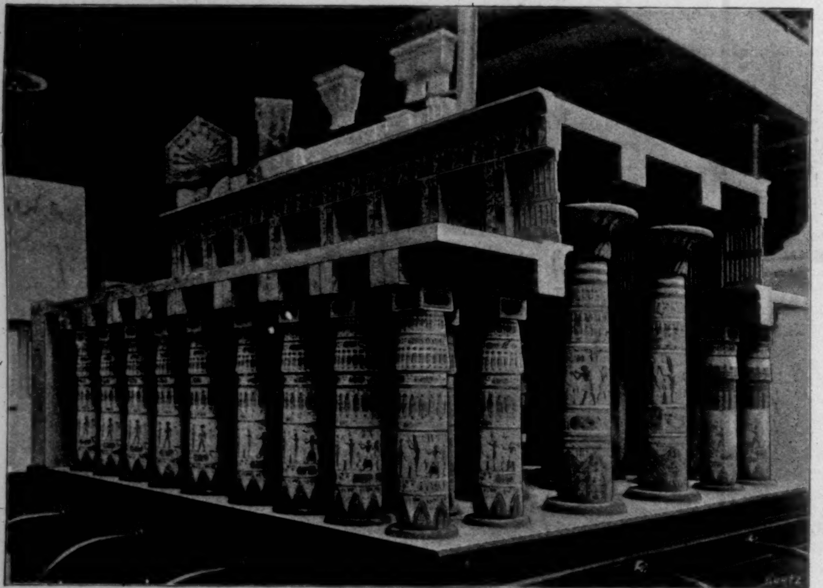
PANEL IN CHOIR SCREEN OF CHURCH AT ENKHUIZEN.



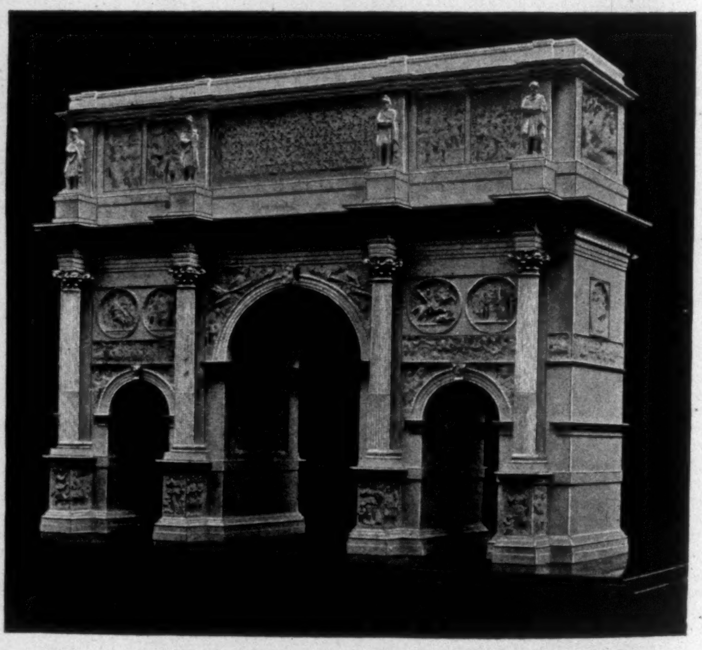
WINDOW FROM THE FAÇADE OF THE CERTOSA, AT PAVIA.



SCULPTURAL ORNAMENT IN DOOR OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

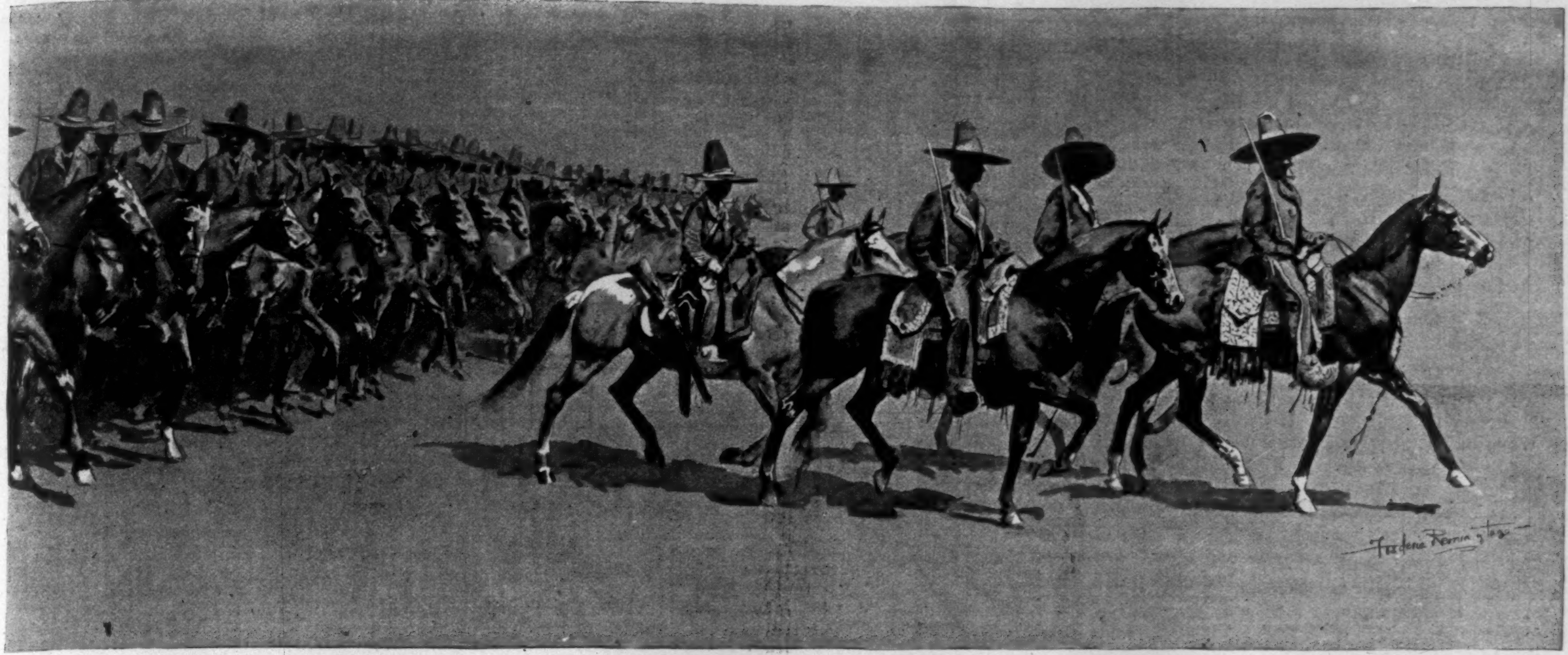


SECTION OF THE HYPOSTYLE HALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT KARNAK.
Model by POULIN, on Scale of one-twentieth of Full Size.



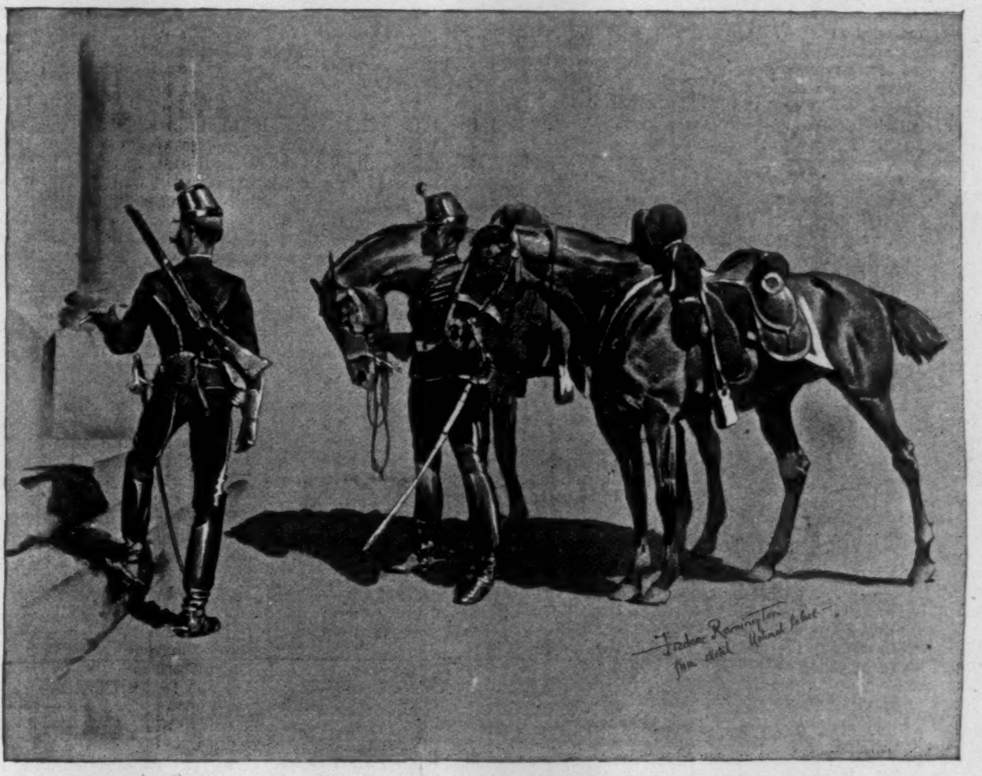
MODEL OF THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.
Sculptors, TRABACCHI and CENOETTI. Architect, MERCATALI. Model on one-twentieth Scale.

THE WILLARD CAST COLLECTION AT THE MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 447.]



THE RURALES, OR RURAL GUARDS.
Raised for the Purpose of putting down Highway Robbery.

DRUMMERS IN THE BARRACK, ELEVENTH INFANTRY.



MESSENGERS AT THE NATIONAL PALACE.

THE CAVALRY OF THE LINE.

EL CINCO DE MAYO, CITY OF MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 450.]

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PROGRESS.

He led the van of Progress till he stood
 Upon the height he oft had hoped to gain,
While far below him rolled the human flood—
 So far below he feared his labor vain.
Yet slowly onward poured the mighty stream,
While he, the leader, sat him down to dream.

"The world is slow," he said, "the pathway hard,
 Yet I have reached the goal; the path is made,
And I am weary, bruised, torn, and scarred."
 Then closed his eyes within the pleasant shade,
And as the world's great army nearer crept,
Beside the hard-won goal the leader slept.

At length he woke—adown the mountain slope
 Were spread the tents and shadows of the night.
Alone he stood—bereft of Love and Hope—
 For far beyond him, on a distant height,
The army upward toiled. His work was done,
While he had slept had greater heights been won.

Flavel Scott Mines.

EL CINCO DE MAYO.

Why "the 5th of May" should be celebrated as the greatest national feast-day of the Mexican year is one of those things "no fellah can find out." Coming down to hard facts, on this day thirty years ago an advance corps of about 3000 French troops were repulsed from a strong earth-work overlooking the city of Puebla, garrisoned and protected in the rear by a Mexican force under General Zaragossa, variously estimated by historians at from four to twelve thousand men.

One can hardly blame the French; most of them were sick, and they had orders to fall back in case they met the enemy in force. But the recollection of it is dear to the Mexicans as the only (*quasi*) victory won by them during the intervention.

It has always seemed to me that the fall of Queretaro would have been a more suitable day to celebrate, as being, though not a victory over the French, the *finale* of the French intervention in Mexico—alike wrongly projected and illy carried out. Nathless, "El Cinco de Mayo" not only exists, but grows greater in patriotic pomp and noise year by year.

Just twenty years ago I saw it celebrated for the first time. The republic of Mexico was then in the throes of revolution, shaken to its foundations from the Gulf to the Pacific, from the Rio Grande to Guatemala.

President Juarez was virtually a prisoner in his own capital, so hemmed in by revolutionists and guerilla bands was it, since Porfirio Diaz had "pronounced" against the government in October of the previous year, and who, though repulsed in a desperate attempt to take the city by surprising the citadel, was still no small thorn in Juarez's side.

The doctrine of state rights is carried to greater lengths in Mexico than in the United States, and President Juarez was certain of very few of his Governors. Some were open "Porfiristas," and the majority were lukewarm, only waiting to see which way the cat was going to jump.

It must also be remembered that Porfirio Diaz was known in Mexico as a gallant soldier, and, above all, an honest man. Had he not retaken the city and been Military Governor of the state of Mexico at the fall of the empire? Had he not, strange to say, turned over a million hard dollars to Juarez when he came back to his capital, after four years' hiding and wandering along the northern frontier? Yes, Porfirio's prestige was great, and it was a serious thing for Mexico when, in October, 1871, he raised the standard of revolt.

Being myself a new-comer in Mexico, and ignorant alike that the 5th of May (or any other day) was a national holiday, I was amused the evening before at seeing all the dirty little street "gamins" rushing about, waving little white, green, and red flags, blowing themselves up with fire-crackers, and shrieking wildly, "Down with the French!" "Down with the French!" The poor French, thought I, are down enough now, after a year's Franco-Prussian war, the payment of five milliards, and the commune; and, thinking no more of it, turned into bed.

'Twas scarce light when the "boom" of a big gun shook the house; another; and then I became aware of confused and fiendish noises—the howling of patriotic songs, discordant yells, and a perpetual banging of fireworks. It must be a new revolution! And getting up to see, I hailed my lazy Mexican servant and asked him what was up. "The 5th of May; nothing more, señor!" On inquiring further, he expatiated in a patriotic and truthful (?) manner on the glories of "El Cinco de Mayo," every word of which I should have believed had he not wound up with the statement that he was in the battle himself, and had been the confidential body-servant of General Zaragossa. "Would I give him a real to buy a glass of pulque?" I called his attention to the fact that only the day before he had told me his age was eighteen, and that consequently he must have been Zaragossa's body-servant at the early age of eight years, and so dismissed him gravely without the desired real.

At half past ten we (some dozen English and Americans) congregated on the balcony of the Hotel Iturbide to watch the great parade. Far up the street to our right we could see the "Plaza, de Armas," beautifully laid out into gardens only six years before by the poor Empress Carlotta, and in a few minutes, with a blare of trumpets, the procession swings out of it into the Calle Plateros, and slowly marches past us. First a squad of cavalry; then the boys from the public schools, looking very tight and uncomfortable in brand-new suits of clothes; next three bands, the first and last of which were playing different tunes in different keys; then came the members of Congress, walking two by two, funereally solemn in dress suits and tall hats; after them, guarded by police as if for fear of their running away, came the Cabinet; and then, in a compact square of police, taking up the whole width of the street from house to house, and walking between the Minister of War and Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada (the cruel lay monk who "did to death" poor Maximilian), was a bent figure which moved me strangely. A small, rather thick-set man with a large square head; the dark face was of pure Southern Indian type, and beardless, but withal remarkable for its strength and dogged determination. He was unmistakable, was that "old Indian"—Benito Juarez, the President of Mexico!

For fourteen years had this man ruled Mexico, or partly so. Becoming constitutional President of the republic on the flight of Comonfort in 1858, he was at the head of the Liberal party till 1861, when the capital, up to that time held by the clerical party, was taken, and thereupon the "laws of reform" (the present constitution of Mexico) were put in operation.

His government was hardly organized, however, when the French intervention commenced; and the capture by them of Puebla, in 1863, drove President Juarez and his government into the far northern states of the republic. Here he wandered for more than four years, still keeping up his court and a determined guerilla warfare with the French, and not returning to his capital till July, 1867.

In 1871 Juarez was re-elected President, his opponents being Porfirio Diaz and Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada. In this way, then, had he passed the last fourteen years of troublous life through foreign invasion and continuous civil war; but still the dogged Indian spirit remained, only to be snuffed out two short months later by kindly death.

My soliloquy on the President was rudely broken into by two blatant brass bands following him; after which came one or more (I forget which) regiments of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, slouchy and unsoldierlike; and after that "the deluge," all the "leperos" (half-brothers to the Italian lazaroni) and small boys in town.

But there was no real enthusiasm; all was dead and dull. It seemed rather that the procession was marching to a funeral than to the National Theatre to feast and make patriotic speeches and sing patriotic songs on the greatest of Mexico's feast days.

Eighteen years after, I watched the procession on the "Cinco de Mayo" from the same balcony. How changed the scene! How changed the actors! Flags and gay bunting stream from every house along the street. The decorations on the German and Spanish clubs, and on the Jockey Club opposite to us, are really superb.

The poor old "serenos" who used sleepily to drone out the passing hours—inefficient as ever was Dogberry and his watch—are changed into an able, courteous police force, excellently drilled and uniformed. Smart orderlies clatter up and down; a stirring burst of martial music heralds the approach of the Chapultepec regiment, well dressed, armed, and soldierlike, which swings up the street towards the Plaza, where the procession will form opposite the Palace. Cabinet officers, Governors from other states, Senators, and Deputies rattle by in neat carriages; squads of Rural Guards are coming in from all the surrounding districts. The sidewalks fill up with people out for a holiday lark. Even the old Iturbide Hotel brightens up with pretty American gowns and prettier faces. A general officer, magnificently horsed, and covered with decorations, trots past at the head of his brilliant staff, and he has hardly gained the Plaza when, with a long roll of drums, the head of the column files out of it and down the street, amid the "vivas" of the crowd. This was composed of a squadron of what are known as the "Palace Gendarmerie," picked men from the mounted police and cavalry regiments, whose duty is only guard duty in and round the Palace, and escorting the President when he goes out. In mount, equipment, and smartness I question if a finer body of cavalry exists in any country. General Miles, I happen to know, was especially struck by their looks.

Next comes the inevitable school-boy, waving each a blue, green, or white flag; but how changed from the boy of twenty years ago! Well dressed and happy, and his name is legion. I thought they never would have done marching past, eight abreast, in open order; and then, at a given signal, once in a while executing a very pretty figure, whereby the middle file of each company took close order, the next two files slightly more open, the next more so still, while the head and tail files were still in their open order, and the whole company looked like two triangles with their apexes brought together. Then the centre files swung into open order, and the leading files into close, and as no two boys next each other had the same-colored flag, the effect was that of a beautiful living kaleidoscope half a mile long.

A good military band followed, and then regiment after regiment, band after band, till one wondered where all the troops came from.

"Halt!" "Halt!" rang out down the line. Directly below us was the Seventh Regiment of Cavalry, the crack regiment of Mexico, with its equally famous band. The horsing of this regiment is superb—picked horses, rather large for the Mexican breed, mostly shades of bay and brown, but each company perfectly matched in color. The men of the Seventh, too, look abler and sprier than the rest of the troops.

Three taps of the drum, and as the word "March!" passes down the line, and the band strikes up the hymn of the day, "The March of Zaragossa," a roar of "vivas" and shouts greets the gallant Seventh from the sidewalk below, and re-echoes up to the flat roofs of the houses, which, as well as the balconies, are crowded with people.

The Seventh are past, and then come the Rurales, or Rural Guards, a body of troops raised for the purpose of putting down highway robbery. Porfirio Diaz, wise man, when he first became President, put to practical use the old saying, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and organized, under the generalship of one of the most noted guerilla chiefs (I had almost said cutthroats), the most decent of the bandits into the Rural Guards, who, after hanging and shooting a great number of their less fortunate ex-comrades for the first two years, finally put down highway robbery in Mexico. An English cavalry officer of distinction told me that he considered the Rurales the finest body of irregular horse he had ever seen. Their uniform is very tasty—yellow buckskin with white embroidery.

Hark! What is that storm of "vivas" up the street? Here come the Deputies and Senators and Governors in carriages; but every head is craned to see one figure in the last carriage of all—a tall, dark, stern-looking man in a general's uniform, with close-cut gray, almost white, hair, and black eyebrows and mustache, who is continually bowing to the shouting crowd.

It is Don Porfirio Diaz, the proud President of the Republic of Mexico; and rightly proud may he be as he thinks over the change in Mexico in the last eighteen years. To whom is due the past ten years' peace and prosperity? To himself alone. And even if there are two or three ugly little reminiscences during them, they were forced upon him for the good of the commonweal.

The country has been actually at peace for the first time since its birth. From being an *Ultima Thule*, it has taken its place among the nations. Its railroads, telegraphs, electric lighting, steamboat lines, its diplomatic relations with other countries, the development of its wonderful natural riches—mines, timber, hemp, coffee, tobacco, sugar, rubber, and an infinity of other things—and, above all, its educational system—all these are due to the brains and determination of Porfirio Diaz. Long may he live to govern the country! Never mind the anomaly of the government being called a republic when it is really a military despotism. If your despot is an able and honest man, it is the best form of government the world knows.

There is now really no strong man in Mexico to take Diaz's place. General Corona—murdered, alas! by a lunatic a short while ago—was broad and able enough to have succeeded him, but there is no man else. The fierce old General Gonzales, the one-armed ex-President, who feareth neither man, God, nor devil, is as happy as a sick man can be in his Governorship of Guanajuato, and he has not the following to oppose Diaz.

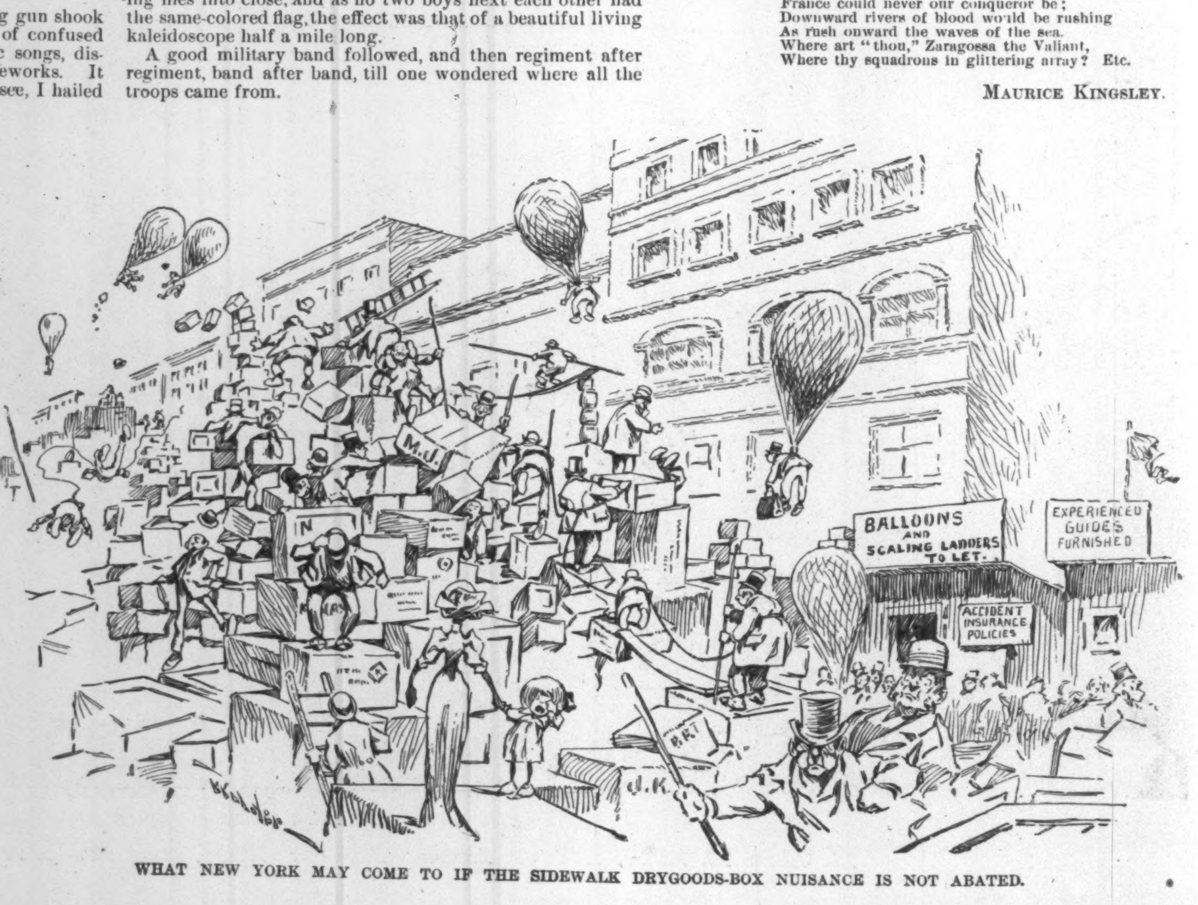
The long procession has passed, bound outward into the paseo leading to Chapultepec, where is to be unveiled, with due pomp and ceremony, the statue of Guatimotzin, the last and most daring of the Aztec kings, whose death by torture is an everlasting blot on Cortez's good name. Let them go and see the show who like it, and let me try and remember the words of the "Hymn of Zaragossa," the Mexican call to arms after the battle of Puebla—noble words set to as noble music as ever was composed—which we heard the Seventh Regiment band strike up in honor of the day:

"Si el Valiente de Sanchez viviera
Nunca la Francia podia reinar,
Correrien arroyos de sangre
Como corren las olas del mar.
Dond' estas Zaragossa Valiente,
Dond' esta tu lucido escuadron?" Etc.

Of which I venture to give a very bald translation:

If Sanchez the Valiant were living,
France could never our conqueror be;
Downward rivers of blood would be rushing
As rush onward the waves of the sea.
Where art "thou," Zaragossa the Valiant,
Where thy squadrons in glittering array? Etc.

Maurice Kingsley.



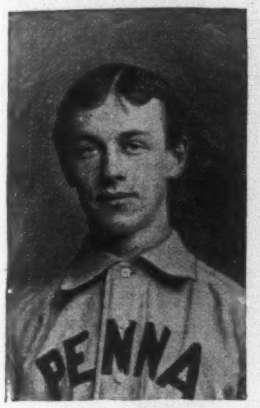
WHAT NEW YORK MAY COME TO IF THE SIDEWALK DRYGOODS-BOX NUISANCE IS NOT ABATED.

AMATEUR SPORT

GOVERNOR FLOWER HAS JUST NOW an opportunity of endearing himself to every sportsman in this State. If he will veto the disgracefully garbled game bill that has been recently passed, he will win our everlasting gratitude.

All the good work of the Syracuse convention last month has been completely undone by ignorant and axe-grinding legislators, who have shown no consideration whatsoever for the protection of our game. Half of them do not know a woodcock from a robin, and the other half is not interested in anything that does not directly concern them.

The Codification Commission bill, endorsed with recommendations by sportsmen at the Syracuse convention, has been shorn of its best features. These cockney legislators have cut out altogether the clause prohibiting spring shooting—and, by-the-way, President Harrison, no matter how good a shot he may be, proved himself a very poor sort of sportsman by going spring shooting this year. They have enlarged the district permitting woodcock-shooting after August 1st, and added four more counties to those already exempt from the snipe law. Protection has been removed entirely from the hawks. But probably the worst feature in the entire muddle is the clause permitting the shooting of hares (*vulgo*, rabbits) at all seasons. This simply means, in plain English, that all men with poaching proclivities may hunt the year round, under the excuse that they are out after hares, and bang over anything and everything in sight. Altogether the bill is an absolute dead failure, and bitterly disappointing to the sportsmen of this State.



CATCHER COOGAN.

THE SALE OF THE "GLORIANA" to Dr. W. B. Hopkins, of Philadelphia, sets yachtsmen wondering what Mr. Morgan is going to do, and whether this and the disposal of the steamer *Javelin* mean he is to retire from active participation in the sport. It looks to us as though Mr. Morgan had a very long head on his shoulders. Just now, at the opening of the season, and with last year's splendid record behind her, the *Gloriana* commands a good price; the racing 46-footers will have their day and pass away, and, probably, two years from now not one of them will bring a quarter what they cost to-day. Mr. Morgan has left for this year the Herreshoff 35-footer, which will have the class to itself, however, but he will probably be heard from again by another season. Dr. Hopkins may be depended on to sustain the reputation of the *Gloriana* as a racer; she will give the *Wasp* and the rest of the class every opportunity for a contest.

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE HARVARD CREW. Instead of improving during the past week, it has, in my opinion, rapidly lost ground. As I watched them driving their shell along the other afternoon, faults which up to that time I had believed the crew did not possess were noticeable. Although the water was comparatively smooth, there was considerable splashing both at the beginning and end of each stroke. In consequence, the shell was seldom on an even keel, and the men were laboring over their work. They were evidently not trying to do their best, and gave the impression of rebelling against Captain Kelton's sharp commands. Now nothing will ruin the prospects of a crew quicker than lack of harmony among its members, and this is the time of year when a crew is either made or spoiled. It requires the utmost delicacy on the part of those in charge to keep the men up to their work. They have been training hard all winter, and as the warm days of spring come on, the natural inclination of the men is to exert themselves as little as possible. As they see the other men in college enjoying themselves prior to the hard grind for the final examinations, they feel uneasy and irritable, and it requires not a little tact on the part of a captain to keep them in good-humor. While I am a strong believer in strict discipline for a college crew, I am equally convinced that such a thing as *driving* a college crew to its work is impossible.

HOWEVER THIS MAY BE, the fact remains that something must be done to shake the Harvard crew together. If not, then they might just as well stop rowing, for you can never get speed out of a shell unless the eight men in the boat are working heart and soul for the same object.

When a class crew can almost hold the 'varsity for an eighth of a mile, it is high time the 'varsity woke up to the fact of there being work before them. This was what happened to the Harvard crew the other day. Possibly the surprise which it received has had not a little to do with the discouraged manner in which they have since gone about their work. If so, then the men in the Harvard eight are made of poorer stuff than I gave them credit of being. Come, Harvard, brace up, and show yourselves men, and not school-boys. We want to see a good race at New London next June, but you will spoil it all if you keep on as you have the past week.

SUCH A CANARD AS THAT THE YALE CREW had gone to Philadelphia to remain under the care of Bob Cook until the race in June, while it may do no harm among understanding readers, is productive of the worst results to the cause of college athletics. The college man readily discerns the improbability of such a procedure, but many another, unfamiliar with the college curriculum, might accept it as gospel truth, and be influenced thereby against sending his boy to college. There is always so much hue and cry over the sacrifice of studies to athletics that such statements are too easily swallowed; and every one of these fanciful tales, born in the mind of some penny-a-liner, means, when sent out through the medium of the press, a death-blow to the hopes of scores of young men anxious to enjoy the advantages of a college education.

Such a thing as permitting an athletic organization to spend a term away from college would not be tolerated by any faculty of any university or college in this country. In fact, the occasional absence of a day at a time, even for the scheduled contests, is regarded with a critical eye, and limited to a certain number, which may not be exceeded under any pretext.

INSTEAD OF REMAINING IN NEW YORK last Wednesday to attend the laying of the Grant Monument corner-stone, Princeton men went down to attend the obsequies of the nine at Princeton, where the University of Pennsylvania had raised the legend 6–0. The game is summed up in a few words—Pennsylvania played great ball, and Princeton played as though it was their first game of the season; indeed, they did not do so well as their first game with the New Yorks. They made five errors, and throughout the nine innings got one scratch hit. On the other hand, Pennsylvania batted Young hard and often, and seemed to find him at will. It was expected the game would be very close, for the teams are really evenly matched; but Young gave the first man to the bat his base on balls, the second made a hit to right field which passed Spooner, and Pennsylvania scored two runs. The drubbing will do Princeton good; it was their first hard game, and they went to pieces. Unless they pull themselves together for a clean fielding game, Harvard will repeat the University of Pennsylvania dose on the 7th, for the Cambridge men are heavy batters. When they did manage to hit the ball, there was never enough steam behind it to carry it out of the in-field. Guild will remain on first base. Chris Payne, '95, brother of the old left-fielder Payne, will be tried this week in right field, and Trenchard may be tried at centre for a batter. It would be too bad to lose Wright, who is a beautiful fielder, but Princeton needs batters badly. Trainer McMasters has made Princeton's diamond the envy of the colleges.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA has a very strong nine, and its games with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton have proved it to be a steady one. As a matter of fact, however, Bayne's remarkably clever pitching has struck out so many men that the in-field has hardly had a good test of its working. In the game with Princeton it had absolutely nothing to do. Vail at short had a couple of chances, but he was hardly called on to move out of his tracks. Mackey and Lansing in the out-field are strong in their positions and at the bat. In fact, the nine, as a whole, is a hard-hitting one. Bayne and Coogan are very clever, the cleverest combination in any of the colleges to-day. Coogan throws quickly and accurately. Lehigh gave them a surprise and a 7–1 beating Saturday. The smaller colleges seem to be "in it" this year.

HARVARD'S NINE HAS TAKEN A BRACE the past week, beginning with the second Brown game, which was closely contested, and won by Brown, 4–3, after eleven innings. The first game with Brown ended in the Providence men going off the field because of Umpire Cobb's decisions. Although many of the colleges continue putting in as umpire some member of either team who is not playing, the practice is a bad one, and very frequently ends in trouble. It is highly essential to the satisfaction of all concerned that the umpire be disinterested, and this he cannot be (at least in the eyes of the spectator) if he is a member of either one of the competing nines. It is not such a difficult matter to get an umpire not an alumnus or undergraduate of the competing nines, and he should by all means be procured. Harvard's game with Brown gave her just the kind of work the men needed, and the result was apparent in the two subsequent games with Dartmouth. In the one on April 27th they played very good ball, although Highlands was handicapped in his work by an injured catcher, Upton, who let four balls get past him. Harvard's improvement is shown by her beating Dartmouth, 4–3, after the latter had defeated the U. of P., 8–0, which had, in its turn, earlier, run up a score of 13–9 on Harvard. Still, the men show a tendency to go to pieces at critical moments, and the error column is too well filled. This, however, is equally applicable to both Yale and Princeton; the U. of P. is by far the steadiest nine of the four. Harvard is batting strongly, but cannot win on that alone. If she continues to improve in fielding, and Highlands has no off day and Upton holds him, Harvard will come very near winning the game with Princeton May 7th.

PITCHER BAYNE.

THE ALL-ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC FESTIVAL scheme grows apace. A recent letter from Mr. J. Astley Cooper, the originator of the idea, says committees have been formed in England, Australia, and Africa, and discussion of the project is well under way. Both Oxford and Cambridge have agreed to lend their support, and Mr. Cooper assures us in his letter that the "speculative element" will be kept out, and that "there need be no fear of the character of those who will participate in the contest," as everything will be done to elevate rather than lower the standard of sport. Mr. Cooper writes that they are waiting anxiously for an expression of opinion from American college men, and earnestly requests a discussion of the subject by us and official recognition. I have heard of no action being taken in the matter, and since everybody's business is nobody's business, I suggest the formation immediately of a committee to be composed of the president and captain of the Yale and Harvard boat clubs, and the presidents and captains of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton football and track athletic associations. This committee can then take up the discussion of our joining in the International Festival, present it to the proper authorities, and finally send an official expression of opinion to Mr. Cooper.

SINCE SOME ONE MUST TAKE the initiative, Mr. Forbes, president of the Harvard's Boat Club, as being the first in America approached on the subject, is probably the one to issue invitations for a conference. The correspondence I have from Mr. Cooper is at the service of the committee. There can be no two opinions on the desirability of an international contest. We have long been cherishing the idea of an eight-oared shell race with England, and the present seems to be rather an auspicious year for its fulfilment; we want to pit our track athletes, and especially our football elevens, against the Englishmen. The festival would practically become a contest between Oxford and Cambridge on the one side, and Harvard, Yale, and Princeton on the other. It would build up a feeling of good-fellowship between the 'varsities, and work greatly to the advancement of amateur sport on both sides of the water. When the American committee sends its letter to Mr. Cooper, it should make our recognition of the project conditional on the adoption of at least these two resolutions: that the entries for the track athletic events close at least three months before the contest, to give full time to investigate the amateur status of Australian entries, and that the Festival be held in the United States every other period. Our athletes would very likely represent at least fifty per cent. of the winners, and it would hardly be fair, therefore, for the Festival to be held always in London. I shall be very glad to hear from any one interested in this project, and trust the colleges will immediately appoint delegates and get the committee under way.

THE PRINCETON-COLUMBIA GAMES, to be held May 14th on the Berkeley Oval, are likely to be the most interesting of the year, because of the uncertainty of the result. The popular impression gives Princeton the contest by a large number of points, but the popular impression, in this case at least, is somewhat premature. Columbia began the year with the poorest outlook in her athletic history, but by dint of energetic management on the part of Captain Lloyd Collis, and good luck in the acquisition of three well-known athletes in the Law School, her team on the 14th will be stout enough to keep the question of supremacy open until the last event. Princeton's team will be one of the strongest she has ever sent out—quite as good in quality as the best, and greatly improved in quantity. Captain Vredenburgh took up the work this spring where ex-Captain Roddy laid it down, and has pushed it on to a most successful issue. Only two or three years ago we were accustomed to seeing but half a dozen men wearing the orange and black at the Intercollegiate. Last year there was quite a showing, and this year there will be a still better one. It was a happy thought that brought about these dual games between Princeton and Columbia. They will build up athletics at each college, and the contest will draw enough spectators to enrich their treasuries by a good round sum.

THE SPRINTS WILL BRING OUT four fast men: for Princeton, Vredenburgh and Swain; for Columbia, Harding; and E. C. Moen, captain of Harvard's '91 team. In the 100 yards it will be very close between Vredenburgh, Harding, and Swain; Harding beat Vredenburgh at the In-door Championships; in the 75 yards it was an extremely close decision; and in the 150, Vredenburgh slipped on turning a corner. Harding is a very fast starter, and has improved greatly in his running, but a close second seems conservative, with Swain pushing him hard. Where three men are so evenly matched, everything depends on the start. In the 220 it will be Vredenburgh, Swain, Harding, or Moen. Columbia will take first in the high hurdles with Harding, and probably second with N. L. Deming (Yale, '90), though, unless he is topping the sticks in his old form, McLanahan (Princeton), who is doing 17 seconds, will beat him out. The low hurdles are also Columbia's, with J. P. Lee (Harvard, '91), who holds the world's record of 24⅘ seconds, and Harding. It is possible Lee may start in the 220 flat for a place, and to save Harding, but likely enough Moen will be able to take care of third in that event. Lee beat Vredenburgh in the 220 flat last year at the Intercollegiate, but that was after a season's training, and it is doubtful if he is in better shape than third now. The low hurdle will be a gift for him. Princeton will take all the points in the 440. These are McCampbell and Black, doing under 53, and Brokaw, Hosford, and Grey all improving.

IN THE 880, PRINCETON has Crane and Betts doing under 2.06, and Turner and Roddy. Turner will win whichever event he enters, and may take both. Columbia will have no one but Vosburgh, who has not been training, but should do well enough to get second in the half, unless Roddy has been getting into form. Woodbridge will probably take the mile, though if Whitney comes into shape he will make a very hot race. Princeton has a good novice in Koehler, who may create a surprise, and Columbia has a novice, Kingsley, who did ¾ lately in 3.31 on a bad track, and is likely to make it warm for the place man. Collis will take the walk, though Borcherling has improved in form, and Iglehart may beat Ottley for place. Hall and Knap are counted to give Columbia 7 points in the bicycle, Grandin taking third for Princeton. Columbia has Hinman, who won the Intercollegiate hammer in '90 with 97 feet, and Morris, who did 93 feet at Trinity, against Beveridge, Taylor, and Wheeler, of Princeton, none of whom have reached those figures. In the shot it is a toss-up, Hinman and the Princeton men having done about the same. Columbia should take the pole-vault with Bowman, who has done equal to 9.6, while Sill, Princeton, has reached 9.2 (Harding may go in this for a place), and the high jump with Lee (record 5.10). Deeming and Sill will have a close tussle for second; each has done 5.7. In the broad jump, Columbia has Pell, who has done 21.5, and Shipman, 20 feet. Princeton has Henchin, 20.3, Turner, and one or two others, who have cleared 20 feet.

COLUMBIA'S CLASS RACES on Saturday gave the first opportunity for a glimpse at the Freshman crew. No. 7 broke an oar before they had gone an eighth, but the youngsters hung to their work manfully, and showed plenty of beef and sand, two very necessary qualities. For the rest there is not enough body work, but they do very well, and are promising under the good coaching of Starr Taintor.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW begins its good work next Monday with upwards of 500 entries and the most prominent horsemen hereabouts among the exhibitors. Few people have any idea of the tremendous labor this show on such short time has entailed. It is the first affair of its kind, and should have the hearty support of every sportsman in the city.

THE HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW SOCIETY is a pioneer in the field for the encouragement of our breeders. We are sorely in need of its work. The present show should not be expected to be a howling success; there has not been the time; but if it awakens just the smallest life in our horsemen, it will have begun its existence most auspiciously. There is a good show of thoroughbreds and hackneys, and all the other classes are well filled with chosen individuals. The entries include harness-horses, 85; tandems, 24; four-in-hands, 7; ponies, 60; saddle-horses, 107; hunters, 131; high-steppers, 49.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

U of M

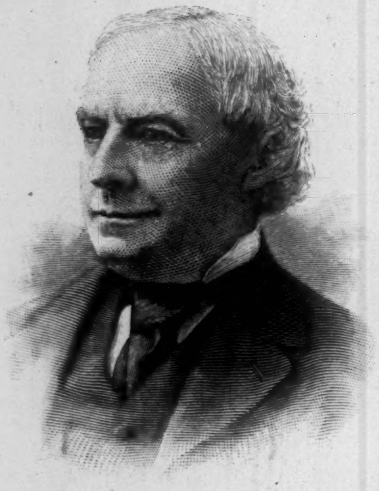
EDWARD SOMERVILLE JAFFRAY.

REPRESENTATIVE alike of the old-time merchant and of all that is best and foremost in the business life of to-day was Edward Somerville Jaffray, head of the mercantile house of E. S. Jaffray & Co., who died at his residence in this city on April 23d. Of Scotch-English descent, he was born in London on March 23, 1816. His father, a prominent London merchant, established, with his firm, a branch house in this city in 1809. The son came to America in 1833 to assume a subordinate position in the New York house, of which he eventually became the head, carrying it forward to prominence and high success. A leading member of the New York Chamber of Commerce and a director of the Commercial Union Fire-insurance Company, Mr. Jaffray's ability and integrity were so widely recognized that he was frequently called upon to arbitrate in differences between other firms. He was an ex-Vice-President of the Union League Club, a member of the New York Yacht Club, and was prominent in the St. George's Society, of which his son-in-law, Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, was for a long time president; a portrait of Queen Victoria which hung in his dining-room was wont every year to grace the society's dinner.

Perhaps the chief distinguishing feature of his long and honorable career was his conduct during the rebellion and the stormy days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Jaffray's position of loyalty to the Union was early and unswervingly taken; accepting unshrinkingly the financial losses that might ensue owing to ill feeling on the part of Southern merchants, he was prompt to declare his sympathy with the North. During the entire war his course was eminently patriotic, and his support of the Union cause with voice and purse liberal and unhesitating. It was largely due to his timely, able, and earnest work that Congress was dissuaded from the attempt to adopt during the darkest days of the struggle the absurd legislation making it a penal offence to speculate in gold. Mr. Jaffray prepared the memorial, and with a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, went to Washington and demonstrated the fallacy of such a law. The result of this action was shown in a fall of sixty per cent. in the price of gold. Later, during the threatening times following the Hayes-Tilden Presidential imbroglio, Mr. Jaffray drafted and circulated the petition to Congress, eventually adopted in its essential features, asking that the disputed election be referred to the Supreme Court as an electoral commission.

Mr. Jaffray was married in 1842 to Anna Phillips, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Phillips, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and he survived her five years. His social tastes were domestic, and while encouraging the enjoyments of his children in their brilliant society career, he preferred the companionship only of a few intimate friends of long standing, whom he entertained at his house with unstinted hospitality. The crowning festivity of the year was the gathering at the house of his sons and daughters and grandchildren to celebrate, on March 23d, the anniversary of his birth and of his marriage. A generous giver to religious and other public institutions, he bestowed large sums annually in unostentatious private charities. His life, filled with important actions and so fruitful of good to others, was characterized by a remarkable personal modesty. He refused all invitations to accept public office. The funeral took place at the First Presbyterian Church and was largely attended by prominent merchants and business men.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



THE LATE EDWARD S. JAFFRAY.

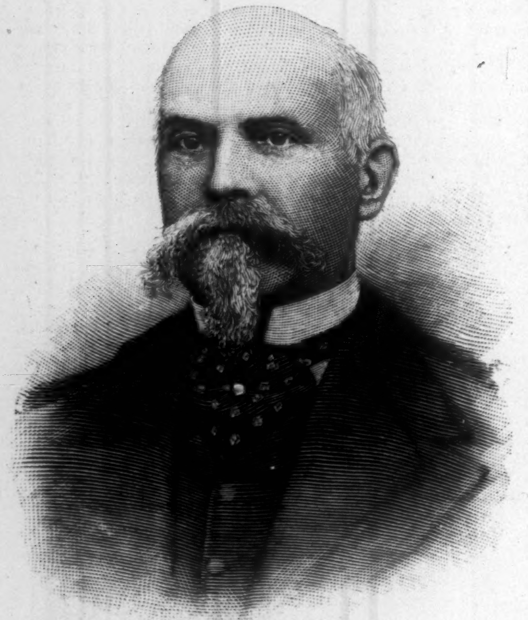
OSCAR C. McCULLOCH.—[SEE PAGE 434.]

THE LATEST BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

ON April 19th President Harrison sent to the Senate the name of Colonel Frank Wheaton, Brevet Major-General, to fill the vacancy of Brigadier-General, which had existed for several months. Colonel Wheaton commands the Second United States Infantry, and heads the list of officers for promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, May 8, 1833, and went through a civil engineering course at Brown University. In 1850 he was appointed assistant on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, and after having been engaged on various other government surveys and reconnoissances, was made Lieutenant of the First United States Cavalry in 1855. When the war broke out, he was on duty at the New York State headquarters, and joining his regiment in the field in July, 1861, received the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel, Second Rhode Island Volunteers. He commanded the regiment at the battle of Bull Run, and was made Colonel. Colonel Wheaton saw active service in many of the campaigns, and passed through a number of battles. In 1862 the title of Brigadier-General, United States Volunteers, was given him, and a year later he was made Major of the Second Cavalry. "For gallant and meritorious conduct," he received four more promotions during the bitterest time of the war, and at the close was made Major-General United States army, by brevet, for his services in the field. He was afterwards assigned to the regular infantry, with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel, and engaged in several Indian wars.

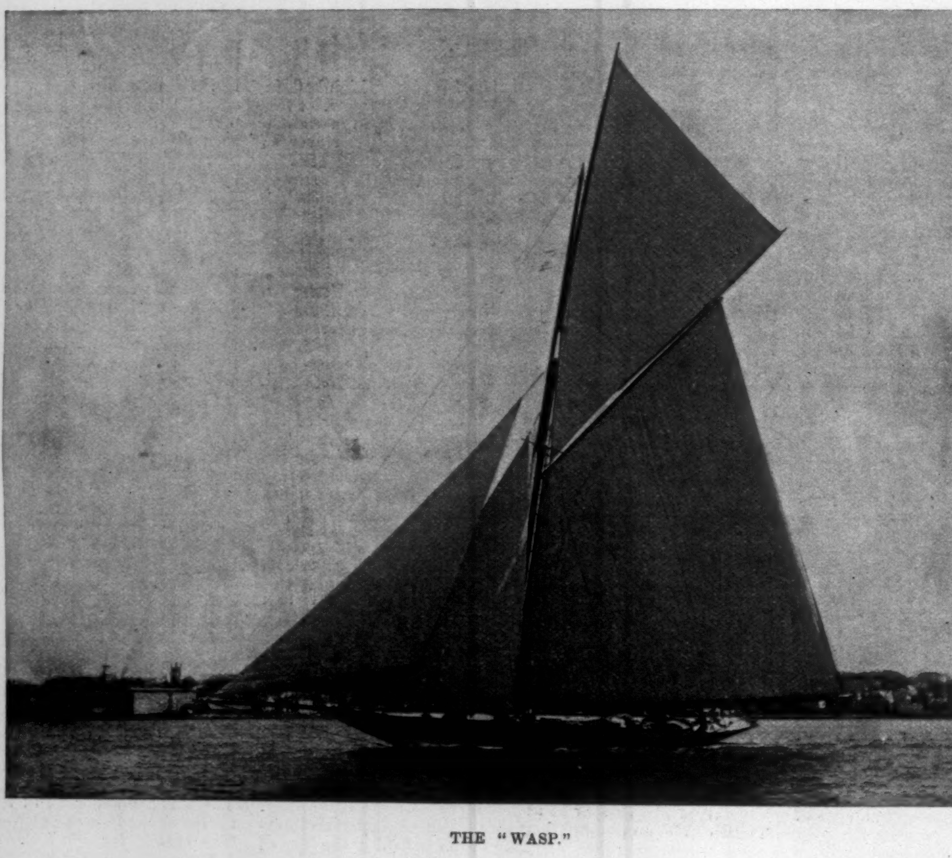
General Wheaton's war record is an ample one, and the part that he played entitles him to general recognition as a brave and gallant soldier. The battles in which he took an active part are too numerous to mention, covering nearly all the sanguinary engagements along the Potomac and James rivers, from the first battle of Bull Run until the surrender of General Lee. He will retire from active service in May, 1897, and his late promotion is regarded by all his friends with satisfaction. The State of Rhode Island presented him with a sword of honor in July, 1866, for his services rendered during the war, "especially at Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Middletown," where he particularly distinguished himself.

GENERAL FRANK WHEATON.

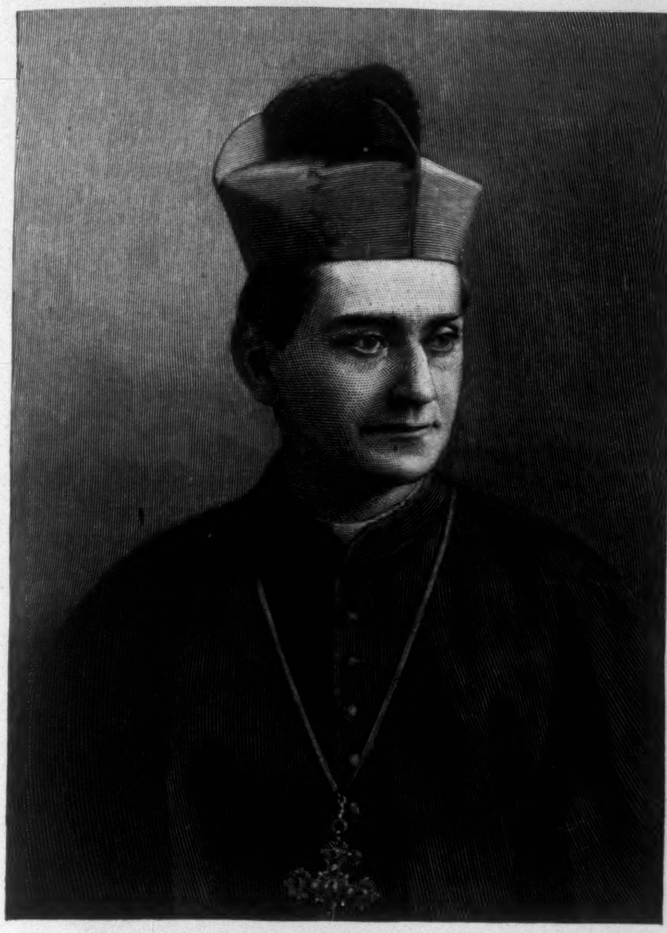


THE HON. T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 439.]
Nominated to be Minister to France.

COLONEL GEORGE L. ANDREWS.—[SEE PAGE 437.]



THE "WASP."



THE NEW BISHOP OF BROOKLYN.
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THE BISHOP OF BROOKLYN.

On March 11th a letter was received from Rome announcing that the bishops, together with the cardinals of the Sacred Congregation, had selected Dr. Charles E. McDonnell to succeed the late Bishop Loughlin as Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn. The selection had been duly ratified by the Pope, and though unexpected by the clergy of New York and Brooklyn, put an end at once to questions that promised to be vexatious and disturbing. The reverend fathers subscribed at once to the wishes of the Holy See, and all joined in greeting the new bishop-elect.

Dr. Charles Edward McDonnell is a native of New York city, having been born here thirty-nine years ago. His parents removed to Brooklyn shortly after, where his father engaged in the printing business. After a primary education, he went to La Salle Academy, the St. Francis Xavier College, and later, completed his theological course in Rome at the American College. He received the title of Doctor of Divinity, and was ordained priest in 1879. After officiating as assistant at St. Mary's and St. Stephen's churches, he was removed to the Cathedral at New York, and later became secretary to Cardinal McCloskey. After the Cardinal's death, Dr. McDonnell assumed the charge of secretary to Archbishop Corrigan, and afterwards received the appointment as Chancellor of the Province of New York and Private Chamberlain to the Pope, together with the title of Monseigneur.

The new Bishop, although quite young, is well known among the clergy as a man of ability and tact. He is generally conceded as being admirably fitted for the high position, and the field that is opened to him is a wide one. Monseigneur McDonnell went into "retreat" a week prior to his consecration, in order to prepare himself for the duties of his new office.

On Monday, April 25th, the consecration services were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The pomp and ritual of the Roman Church, the lights and incense, together with the rich vestments of the attendant ecclesiastics, rendered the ceremonies imposing and solemn. Seven thousand persons were present, among whom sat the widowed mother of the new Bishop. All the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church were represented. Nuns and priests, in their robes of black and white, to the number of five hundred, filled the fore part of the cathedral, while behind stood and sat the immense congregation. The archbishops of Montreal and Philadelphia were present, as were also a number of other bishops and dignitaries of the Church. The services were conducted by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, assisted by Bishops McQuaid of Rochester and Chatard of Indiana, and a number of priests. After the interesting ceremonies were over according to the ritual, a sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, Provincial of the Jesuits, and the services were concluded. The visiting and local prelates then met in the Orphan Asylum, where they dined with the new Bishop. A check for $7490 was presented to Bishop McDonnell, being a gift from the local priests. The check which was given him was an enormous affair, several feet in length and in height, engrossed and illuminated. After endorsing it, an ordinary certified check was handed to the Bishop, and the beautiful souvenir was preserved in memory of the occasion. The coat of arms of the new Bishop is shield-shaped, bearing several emblematical figures, and the mottoes "Justitia et Pax" and "Humilitas." The formal installation of Bishop McDonnell in his new diocese was appointed for the following Monday.

STEAM'S UP! THE MOORINGS CAST OFF.
Majestically the great ocean greyhound leaves the dock and steams down the river, outward-bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for the sea-sickness, almost always incident to a transatlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If not, expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the stanch friend of all who travel by sea or land—emigrants, tourists, commercial travellers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic twinges, and inactivity of the kidneys.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
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The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

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By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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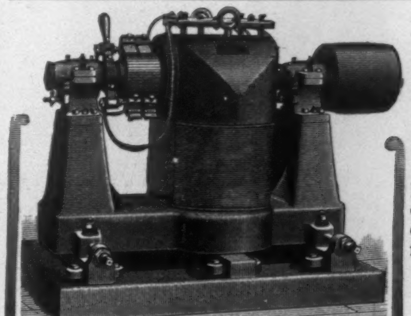

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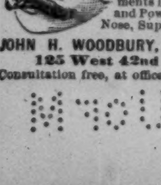

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complaints, the best remedy is
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In colds, bronchitis, la grippe, and croup, it is
Prompt to Act
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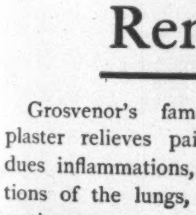
Easily Removed.

Grosvenor's famous BELL-CAP-SIC plaster relieves pain at once, subdues inflammations, prevents congestions of the lungs, *annihilates* rheumatism.



Be sure to get a plaster with the picture of a bell on the back cloth. A druggist may try to sell you some cheap substitute. Take only the Bell-cap-sic. It is the standard.

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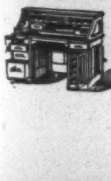

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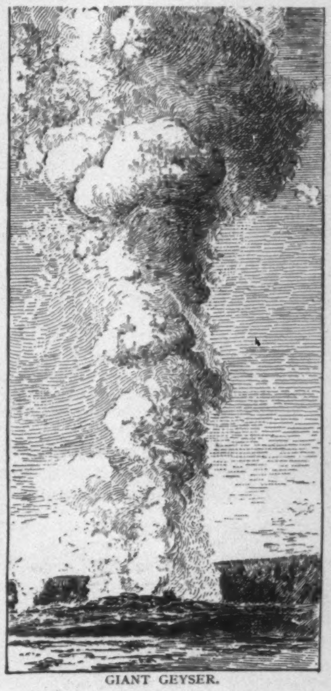

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